VOL. CCXX, No. 2866
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JANUARY 15, 1955

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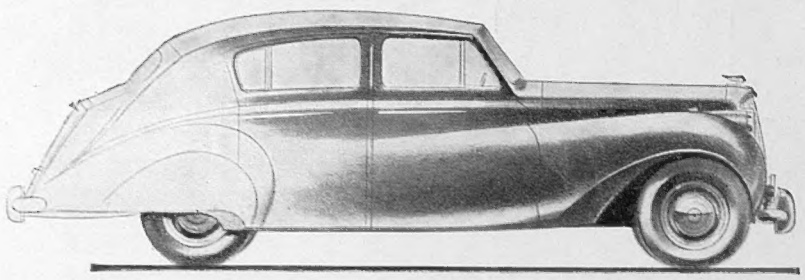
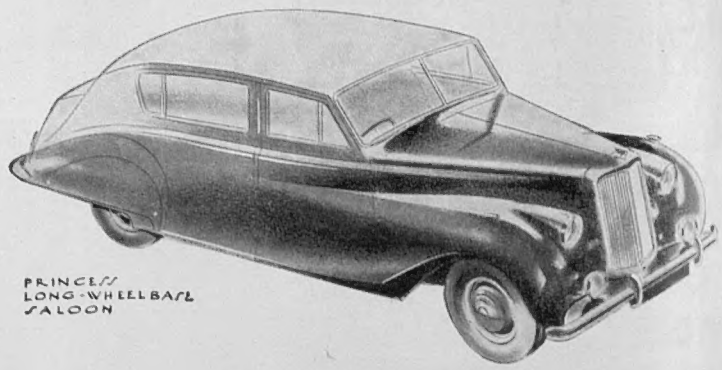
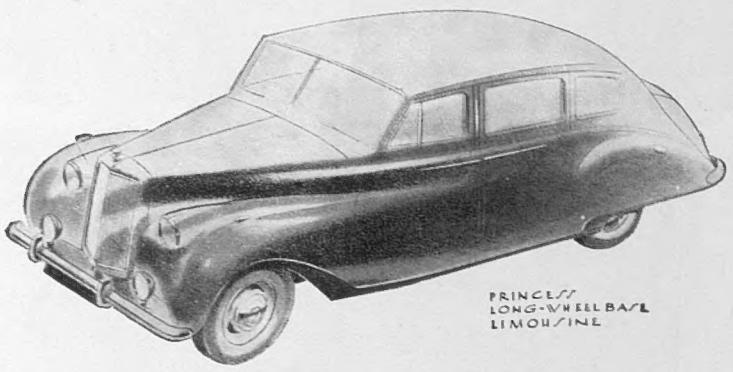


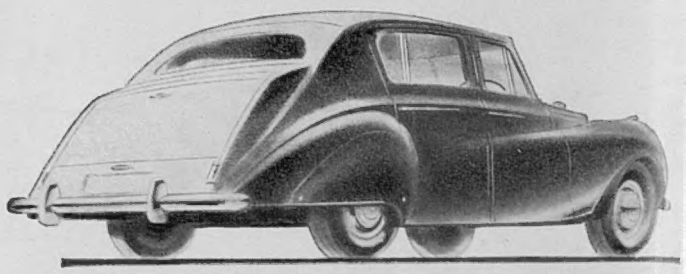
PRINCESS III COACHBUILT SALOON



PRINCESS LONG-WHEELBASE SALOON



PRINCESS LONG-WHEELBASE LIMOUSINE



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Volume CCXX No. 2866

The SPHERE, London, January 15, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

GREETED WITH CRIES OF "DELICIOSA"—MADAME MENDÈS-FRANCE AND HER HUSBAND, THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER, ENJOY A HOLIDAY AT AN ITALIAN SEASIDE RESORT: When Madame Mendès-France stepped out with her husband for a stroll on the beach at Positano, in the Gulf of Salerno, appreciative Italians greeted her with a chorus of "deliciosa." The French Prime Minister and his wife were spending a well-earned holiday at Positano and Naples before M. Mendès-France went on to Rome for talks with leaders in the Italian Government. Later this week M. Mendès-France was due to go to Bonn to confer with Dr. Adenauer.

The critical debates in the French National Assembly on German rearmament were days of acute anxiety, not only for France's Prime Minister, M. Pierre Mendès-France, but also for his wife. During many a late night sitting she was to be seen in the galleries, listening attentively to the debates. Madame Mendès-France as well as her husband may be said to have earned the brief respite they enjoyed in Italy. They spent a quiet holiday around the Gulf of Sorrento and in Naples before the Prime Minister had to tackle sterner tasks in Rome and Bonn. But in the little village of Positano the Prime Minister did not hold the stage alone. His attractive wife came in for a great deal of admiration which the local population was not slow to express vocally. Nevertheless, M. Mendès-France caused a minor sensation in the village. Following his "drink more milk" campaign at home, it was expected that he would sample the local produce. But reports, happily still unconfirmed, state that he sipped—slowly—a large glass of red Naples wine with his lunch, and at dinner drank the local Vino rosa; this wine, however, M. Mendès-France had diluted with mineral water.

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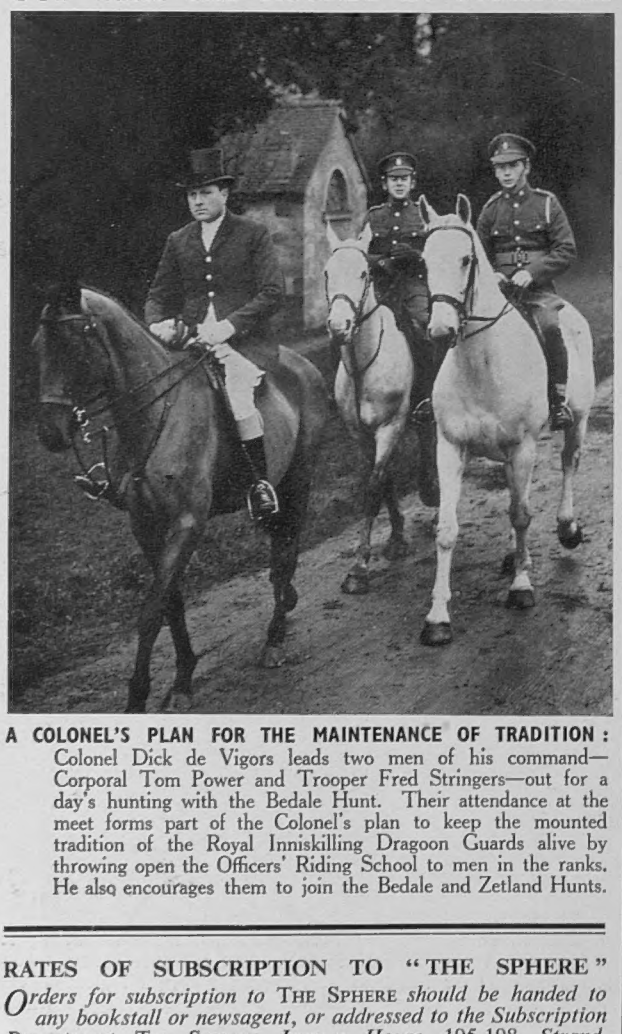
A NEW GRAND PRIX RACING CONTRACT

HAWTHORN AGREES TO DRIVE THE VANWALL SPECIAL IN ALL THE MAJOR GRAND PRIX RACES IN EUROPE IN 1955: After signing the contract for this year's racing season, Mr. G. A. Vandervell hands Mike Hawthorn the steering wheel of the Vanwall Special. Watching the ceremony are two of the engineers who were responsible for the production of the car.

CELEBRATING BURMA'S INDEPENDENCE

THE RECEPTION BY THE BURMESE CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES IN LONDON: Three of Mr. Boonwaat's guests on the seventh anniversary of the independence of the Union of Burma were, from left: U Mya Than, Professor Nyunt and Mrs. Aung Din. Also present at the reception were members of the Diplomatic Corps, the British Government and both Houses of Parliament.

OUT WITH THE HOUNDS IN YORKSHIRE



A COLONEL'S PLAN FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF TRADITION: Colonel Dick de Vigors leads two men of his command—Corporal Tom Power and Trooper Fred Stringers—out for a day's hunting with the Bedale Hunt. Their attendance at the meet forms part of the Colonel's plan to keep the mounted tradition of the Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards alive by throwing open the Officers' Riding School to men in the ranks. He also encourages them to join the Bedale and Zetland Hunts.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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A London Newslette

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The Misery of Snow.—The Iron Curtain has proved very efficient as a curtain. It is a pity it is not draught-proof. An east wind from the Steppes is a form of aggression I could do without. But here is the snow and all its attendant waste and misery and we must make the best of it by looking ahead. This is the time when you must urgently put in for your "Rovers" for the Lord's Test Cricket match next June. It is the time when the universities begin serious training for the Boat-race. It is also the time when happier down-unders swelter in the sun on Melbourne's famous cricket ground. Time was when Sussex was feather-bedded in the matter of winter weather. Of late years it has joined Kent in the front line and, as it is both optimistic and conservative by nature, it will not follow the precedent of Scotland and lay in a supply of efficient snowploughs for punctual use. So we are marooned and must live on our fat, if we have any. No one can have a good word to say for the kind of snow which affords no sport for skiers but effectively prevents all useful work.

Assassin in Panama.—The assassin, humanity's No. 1 *cretin*, has always found a fruitful field among the heads of Latin-American states. The customary intrigues and jostling for power no doubt habituate Presidents to a life of danger, danger from within and danger from without, from their friends and from their political enemies, from those they evict and those who seek to evict them. And so died President Remón of Panama, a skilled hand at making and unmaking Presidents, who for two years had tried his own hand in a very gentle (by comparison) dictatorship. But he began to attack corruption in the public service, and that duty, well begun, in that part of the world is usually tantamount to a Presidential death warrant. Panama is a small state, as they go in Latin-America, but it is sited on a main world artery and one might suppose from the frequency of Press references to ships sailing under its flag that its mercantile marine is second to none. Sited as it is, Panama's peaceful and orderly existence is of importance to all civilised nations and prayers go out for President Guisado's guidance to prove steady and reasonably long.

Sniping at Royalty.—In defending the expense of the new Royal Yacht, the First Lord made the appropriate point that the Queen is Queen of several great nations separated by the sea, and that the public wanted her to possess an appropriate means of transport from one to another, comfortable, handy, dignified and personal. No doubt a big yacht is expensive to keep in commission, but it is also rather like a piano or a car. Neither benefits by being laid up in a damp room or garage. I fancy few of us want Royalty on the cheap, and we do not concern ourselves much with how the civil list—once agreed—is allocated. Mr. Thomas referred to a "small section of the Press" which appeared to make a habit of sniping at Royalty, and in this matter seemed to be out of tune with public opinion. There is, of course, always a large section of popular-newspaper readers who relish a "scandal" in high places and are quite prepared to take every word about it as gospel. The unearthing of "scandals" is indeed the chief weapon in the armour of certain columnists. But possibly a habit of sniping at Royalty springs from a personal grievance by some newspaper chief with a long memory for wrongs and revenge. . . . There are some public men who for half their lives have been targets for denigration by "certain sections" of the Press because of some ancient grievance. Personalities—even small-minded—do sometimes influence the policy of newspapers called national, no less than do shrewd stunts for increasing circulations.

New Year Sermons.—Year after year I study hopefully the New Year sermons, resolutions and pep talks put out by pundits. They all strike a note of sound sense and fitness and are forgotten by February. This year I starred the Provost of Durham's bold tirade against the mean and disgusting and childish practice of "sending to Coventry" a fellow trade-unionist who does not see eye to eye with the rest of the flock. Solidarity may be a necessary instrument to secure justice for a union of workers, but not the solidarity which denies a man the right to act according to his conscience and his sense of what is right and fit in particular circumstances. That practice destroys something much more important—it destroys the dignity of the worker, and makes him little better than a silly sheep or a nasty-mi schoolboy. It divides, not consolidates, and lowe the public eye, the reputation of trade-unionism stands already lower than it did. At Oxford at Le Play Society's conference, Sir John Russell pl his arrows on a large target—the "popular" After a quarter century of "free education," immen expensive, he invited his audience to view the re on the front page of any daily or Sunday news with the largest circulation. Sex, strips, s "society," scandals, and so on. . . . *Si monumen requiras, circumspice.* Alas! that target is like a motor-tyre. Every puncture is self-sealing. Still good to know that a few wise old goats browse a the flocks of sheep.

Redundant Committees.—Quarter sions in the County Town! We drive through and ice to elect new members to fill the gaps in innumerable committees. Why? A committee is umbrella under which officials shelter from the It is also, of course, the means by which a democ voices its opinions and conducts business in local central government. It is a necessity, but we ov it. One committee leads to another. A new Act Parliament requires the setting up of new committ and in local government no ancient committee is scrapped or reduced in size, even when its funct are in part or whole transferred to another. I never sat on a local government or magist committee that was not quite obviously too large time wasting, so that the loaded agenda is seld fully discussed and the later items cheerfully hastily passed on to a sub-committee of three really *can* get on with the job) to settle the matte shelved by luncheon time's arrival. That was all v well in the days of the squires and the volunteer On non-shooting days, the squire was glad enough drive in to the county town in his dogcart and mi with his kind over a conference table and, later, luncheon table, and to discuss partridges, poachers agriculture. But nowadays hardly anybody has much time available. The old volunteer has beco feather-bedded to the extent of a refund for his pet and reasonable "maintenance," and a majority se in their claims, for which the nation, one way another, pays. All of which suggests that committe should be controlled, both in size and terms of referen and that redundant committees should be pruned scrapped. It is, in my experience, never done. T Clerk of the Peace becomes the secretary (the Pooh Ba of more and more committees, and the membership each is invariably double what it need be to satis "democracy." The Standing Joint Committee, old favourite, had its magisterial functions removed few years back to the Magistrates' Courts Committe In old days, when it was concerned with pol matters and magisterial and other matters, enormous representation included two magistra from each division. And, believe it or not, th are still there, and very regular attendants so much a day.

WINTRY WEATHER FOR A MODEL'S WEDDING

ASSISTANCE FOR THE BRIDE AS SHE MAKES HER WAY THROUGH THE SN TO HER CAR: She is Miss Susan Abraham, elder daughter of Ma General W. E. V. Abraham and Mrs. Abraham, of Lechla Gloucestershire, who had just been married at St. Columb Church, Pont Street, London. Her bridegroom was Mr. David R (centre), the younger son of Major Miles Reid, of Petworth, Sus

xtravaganza.—Sometimes I sit on a sing Appeals Committee under our Chairman uarter Sessions who does his work supremely and swiftly. Six of us sit on either side of him urt, and if he should wish to consult us, it would ysically impracticable to consult at least eight of who sit through the proceedings like Chinese larins, nodding or impassive. When the proceed- end, most of us, I suppose, go home with a sense ty done and put in claims for maintenance and l. In my own county, I have never found one le pundit or fellow to endorse my suggestion that is time and money wasted grievously and even llously. The answer always is : " It is statutory," The Minister has laid it down . . ." If I were ed as a New Year's gift to wave a magic wand I think I would compel the appropriate Minister the Lord Chancellors, from Lord Jowitt onwards, tend a dozen of these committees and sit through agenda and note the contributions made by the erous members of each, and thereafter read the da and minutes and other printed or typed les of paper sent to every member before and each meeting. Above all, I should insist on the ster attending and taking part in the proceedings he Standing Joint Committee's Accounts Sub- mittee. For what goes on in that committee every ter (when police accounts are " passed " *without ance to examine vouchers*, in batches of many dreds per packet and in a matter of minutes) is aps the supreme *reductio ad absurdum* of local rnment's extravagant extravaganza. But only a ic wand could bring the Minister to a realisation , and only a spell binder could persuade the Lord ncellors that you cannot run the lay magistrature rules-of-thumb drafted in Westminster. Ideally aps, your J.P. should be a trained barrister r forty with no other job to do. Such men are m met with in country villages to-day. The work etty and Quarter Sessions continues to increase. e is need of the best men available, whatever r age, and it is as stark madness to eliminate them ule of thumb, as it is to conduct other local business xtravagantly redundant committees.

Bedford is Popular.—I have a personal rest in Bedfordshire, not strong enough to make wish to live there. But that is not a universal e of mind. I read with surprise that in the twenty s since 1931 the population of the county has eased by 41 per cent. Think of that ; and it is no in the pan. Among the Bedfordshire under- nty-fours, marriages have almost doubled in the od, and marriages usually mean children. Nor edfordshire unique in its popularity and population It runs fourth. What are the others ? Hertford- e, perhaps, for, I fancy, the movement, at least, population is still southward round the wen of don, though I seem to recall recently news of a or re-drift northwards. My last visit to Bedford- e certainly suggested to me that Bunyan's flat and id shire was preparing to cope with the problems opularity. There was sombre evidence of this in Valley of the Chess and round Chenies and Sarratt , so beloved as a rural retreat by Mary, Duchess of lford, who spoke its words of doom in 1935. She phesied that soon enough only the Nature Reserves ld preserve any surviving features of the country e for which England was once famous. Her phecies were often shrewd. The wen is growing ibly fast.

The Middle Class.—Dr. Gilbert Murray raised his vigorous voice at the Le Play conference. is eighty-nine. He told us to be thankful for our dle class, highly intelligent, well educated and petent, which turns the wheels of our democratic hine in every sphere. So few nations nowadays sess a middle class, a buffer state between rich and r, between reaction and revolution, between cism and Communism. He was one of the reformers sought, and succeeded in altering, the old social cture and giving us instead " social justice, equality a classless society." Oddly enough, and unlike reformers of 1832, he and his fellow-reformers, in ir tremendous reorganisation, rather forgot the dle class, as they levelled down the upper and elled up the lower. Whether they hoped to make a ssless society or no, the middle class, forgotten and avoured, refused to be crushed between the upper nether millstones, and to-day survives to spin the at wheel of democracy about—which Dr. Murray erously acknowledges. But I wish I knew where lay the middle class begins and ends. It seems to sess two or more definitions, social and professional. not, I think, any precise income qualification. lower class (the " poor ") in certain trades make ner nonsense of an income qualification for the sses, and especially for the middle class.

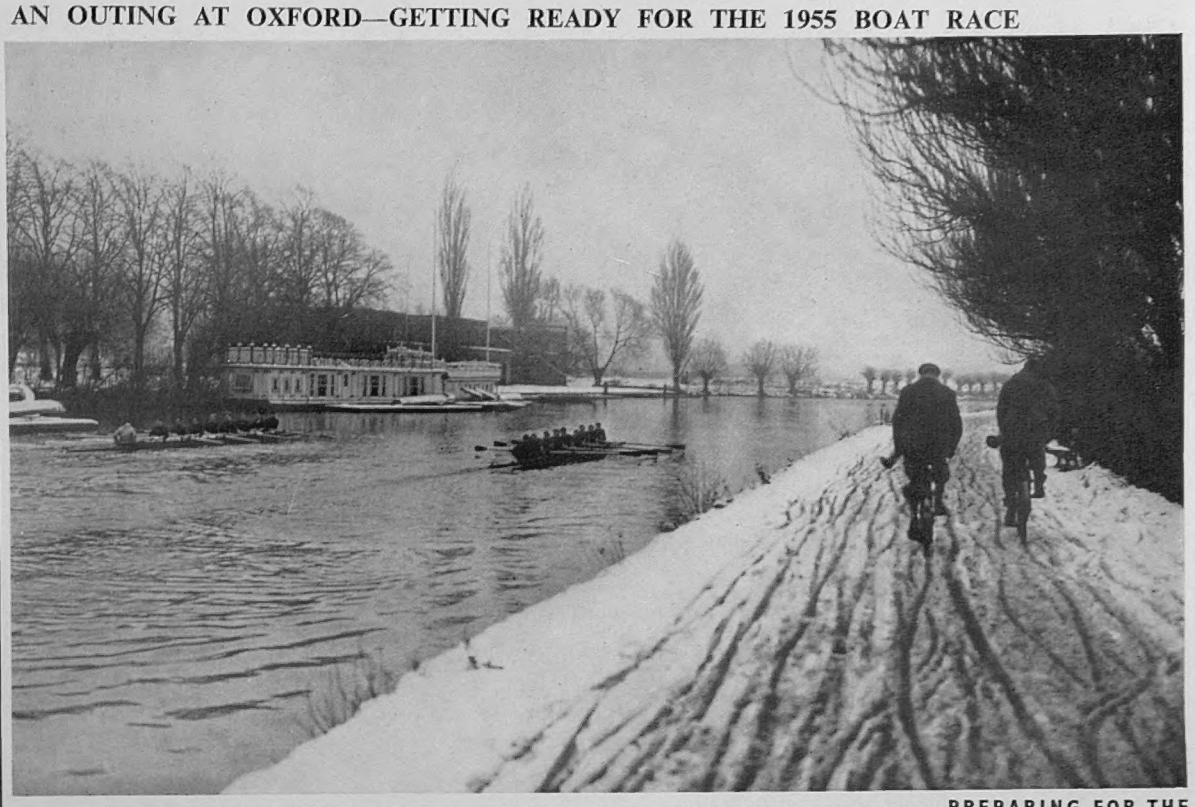
THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

DUMFRIES and the SOLWAY

ecial "Sphere" Drawings by John Mackay a Countryside which will be Enjoyed by many itors to the Burns International Festival.

AN OUTING AT OXFORD—GETTING READY FOR THE 1955 BOAT RACE



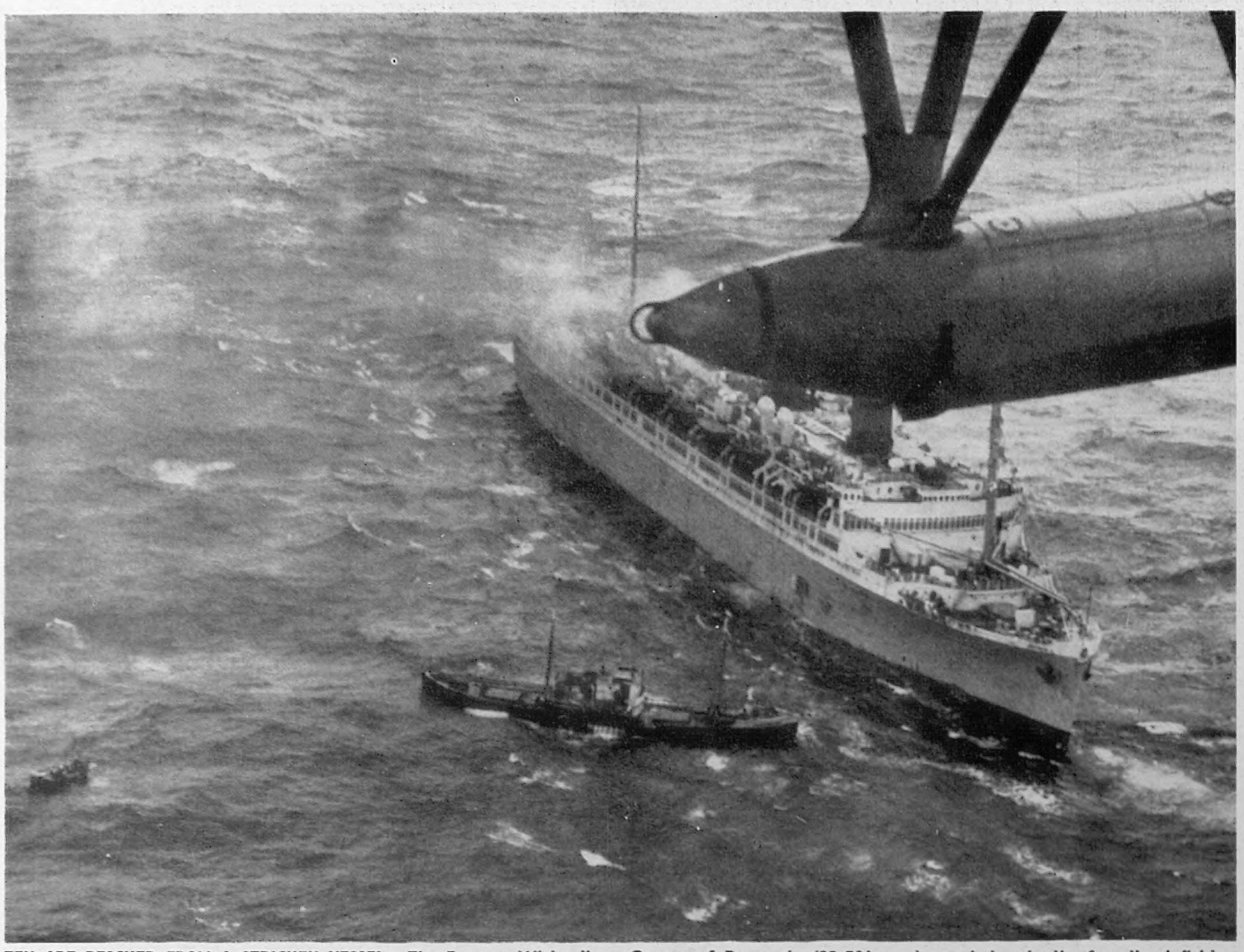
PREPARING FOR THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE, WHICH IS TO BE ROWED ON MARCH 26 : Trial crews seen during an outing on the Isis at Oxford. At the time of writing the aspirants for places in the crew are E. G. Pain ; A. N. Marshall ; R. D. T. Raikes ; P. F. Barnard ; M. I. Ross ; R. W. G. Moberley ; J. M. Wilson ; J. P. Hindle ; E. V. Vine ; D. B. Wells ; J. G. Mcleod ; G. Sorrell ; R. H. Carnegie ; B. S. Mawer ; D. A. Cross, and M. Murray - Threipland.

***On left*—**

THE OXFORD TRIAL EIGHTS SET OFF IN THE TRAINING LEVIATHAN FOR THEIR FIRST PRACTICE ROW : This " double crew " craft gives the coach a better opportunity for studying at close hand the skill and ability for work together of the sixteen oarsmen. Giving the instruction is J. A. Gobbo, this year's President of the O.U.B.C.

THE FIRST OFFICIAL STATE FUNCTION AT DORNEYWOOD

DORNEYWOOD, THE HOUSE AT BURNHAM BEECHES, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, WHICH THE LATE LORD COURTAULD-THOMSON GAVE TO THE NATION AS A HOME FOR THE PRIME MINISTER OR A CABINET MINISTER, AND WHICH SIR ANTHONY EDEN USED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ITS NEW CAPACITY : The guest of the Foreign Secretary and Lady Eden was Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, the Secretary-General of the United Nations, who had broken his journey in London while travelling to India and Peking. It was pointed out that Dorneywood was chosen for the luncheon engagement because of its close proximity to London Airport, seven miles away. The house, which is now controlled by the National Trust, was given to the nation twelve years ago, together with an endowment of £77,000. The Minister who is chosen to occupy it will live there free of expense.



TEN ARE RESCUED FROM A STRICKEN VESSEL : The Furness Withy liner *Queen of Bermuda* (22,501 tons) stands by the Newfoundland fishing vessel *Student Prince II* (285 tons), which was foundering in a 45 m.p.h. gale in the north Atlantic. On the left is the liner's lifeboat battling towards the ten of the crew on the *Student Prince II*. On the right is the pontoon of a United States aircraft.

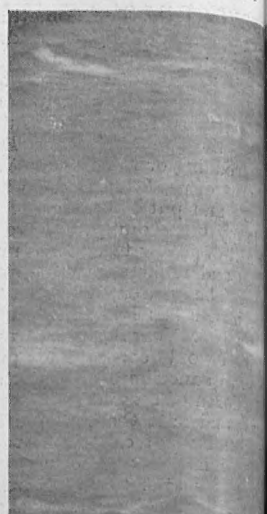
A Dramatic Sea Rescue

A Liner Sends a Lifeboat through a North Atlantic Gale to Rescue the Crew of a Foundering Fishing Vessel

Many of the passengers in a British liner, *Queen of Bermuda*, were spectators of a thrilling rescue when one of her lifeboats saved the crew of a foundering fishing vessel in a gale in the north Atlantic. The liner, of 22,501 tons and owned by the Furness Withy Line, was some 60 miles away from Bermuda on her voyage from New York, when she received an SOS. The *Student Prince II*, a 285-ton fishing vessel with a crew of ten and belonging to the Grand Banks Fisheries of Newfoundland, reported that she had sprung a leak in a gale and was in danger of foundering. Her position was about 150 miles away.

At once the *Queen of Bermuda* went off course and, guided by U.S. aeroplanes, made her way through the waves and a 45 m.p.h. wind to reach the *Student Prince II*. Difficulties of rescue were considerable. Oil had to be pumped into the ocean to allow the liner to launch her lifeboat. Once launched, the boat's approach to the helpless fishing vessel required the greatest skill of seamanship. The lifeboat's commander said afterwards that they were always shipping water, but there was no time to bale out. In closing with the *Student Prince II* they had to manœuvre their oars to keep near enough for her crew to jump on board. One man fell into the ocean but was rescued by a member of the lifeboat who went in after him. Another from the fishing vessel broke his ankle in jumping, but he was the only casualty. The operation was all the more commendable because the crew were a new one who had only recently signed on in the liner after a refit in Britain.

The *Student Prince II* was carrying a cargo of 310 tons of salt from Jamaica to Grand Bank, Newfoundland. She sank an hour and a half after her crew had been taken off.



A LIFEBOAT MANŒUVRE IN A
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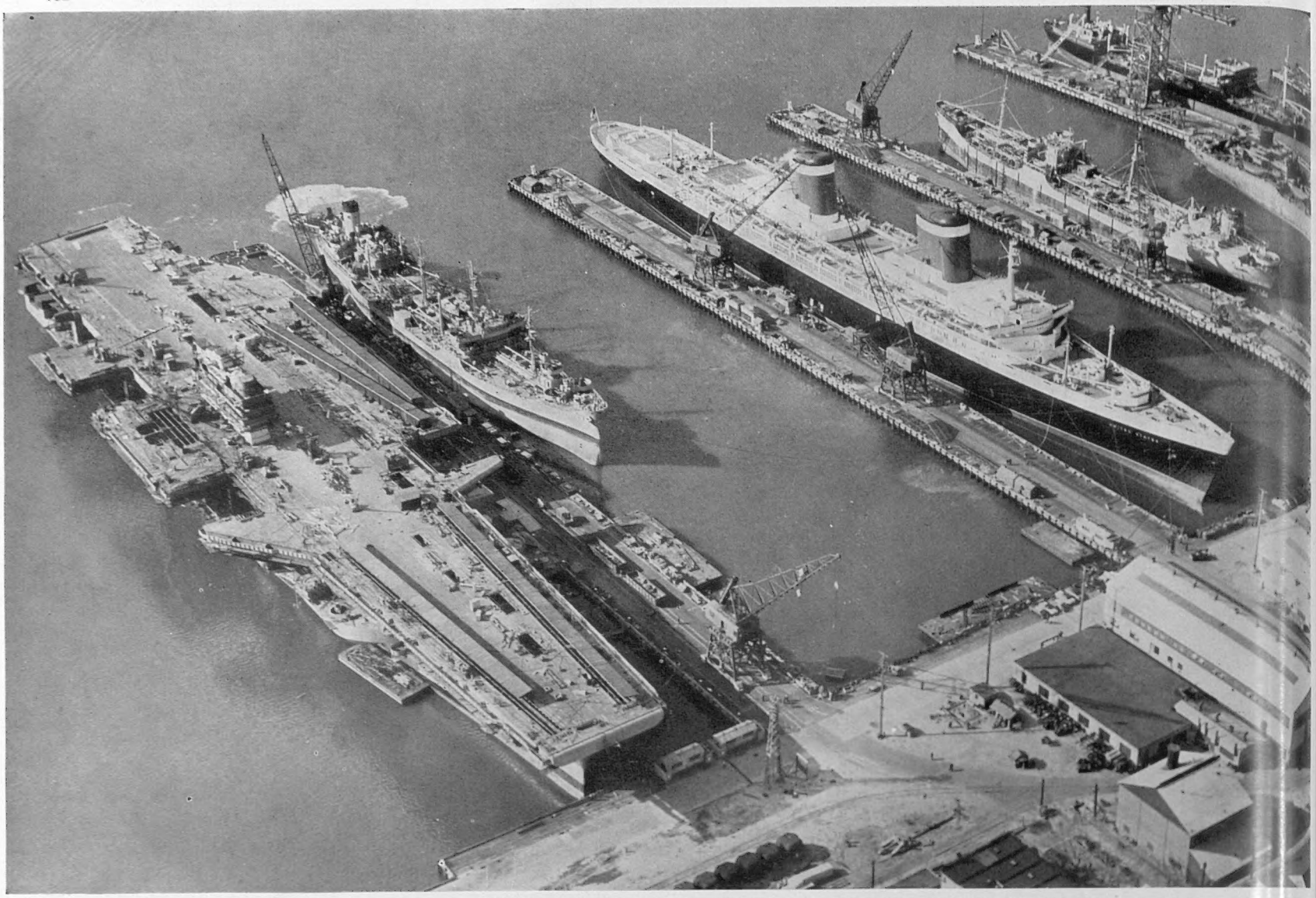
***Bermuda's* lifeboat to re**
***Student Prince II*. The**
pumped oil overboard to c
mountainous waves. The
vessel was on her way from
to Grand Bank, Newfou
with a cargo of 310 tons
when she sprang a leak.
Captain attempted to m
Bermuda but found it
to send out an SOS. A
and a half after her crew h
taken off in this thrilling
the *Student Prince II* settle
first and went to the

On left—

APPROACHING TO RESCUE: T
boat is closing with the S
***Prince II*. Getting alongsi**
the hardest part of the ope
The boat was shipping wa
the time but there was no
bale out and, therefore, a
danger of capsizing. One
***Student Prince II's* crew**
into the water and was s
a man from the lifeboat
went in after him. But o
of the ten saved was

END OF THE DRAMA: The lifeboat returns to the *Queen of Bermuda*. The thrilling rescue had been watched by most of the liner's 135 passengers. Their ship had gone 150 miles off course to answer the call for help.

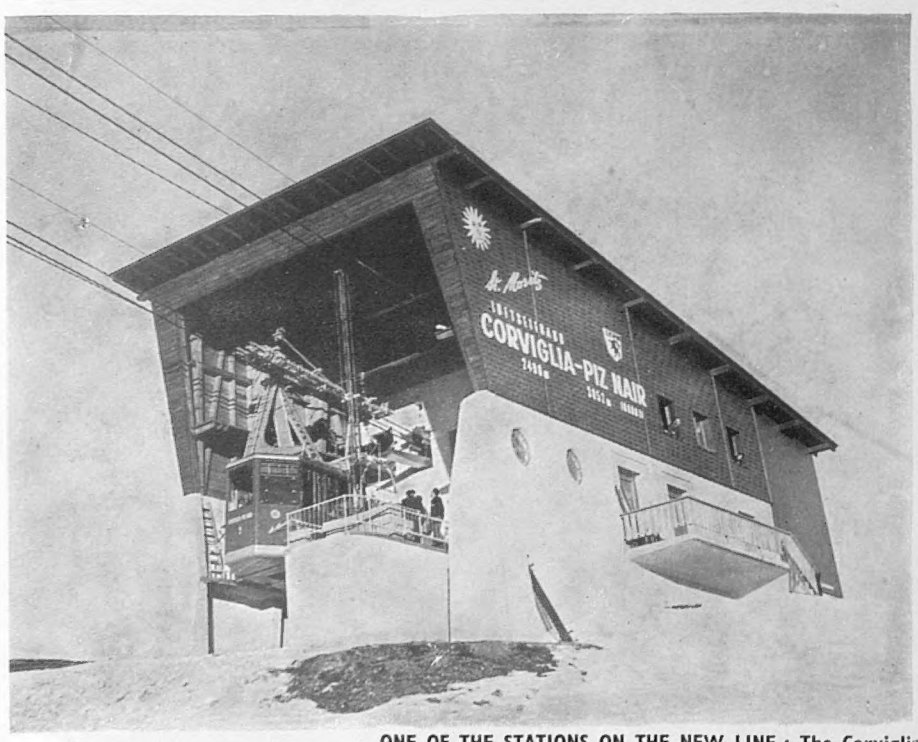
"SKILFUL HANDLING IN A TOUGH SITUATION": This is how the master of the *Queen of Bermuda* described the way in which his lifeboat crew carried out their task. They are seen here on their way back to the liner. They had only recently signed on for their ship.



THE PRIDE OF AMERICA

The Largest Aircraft-Carrier and the Biggest Liner in the United States Berthed at their Shipyard in Newport News

AMERICA'S GIANTS OF WAR AND PEACE AT ADJACENT BERTHS IN VIRGINIA : Two of the largest ships in the United States were berthed at the same time earlier this month at Newport News, Virginia. At left is the 60,000-ton attack aircraft-carrier U.S.S. *Forrestal*, which was launched last month. To the right is the United States Lines liner S.S. *United States*, of 51,000 tons. She made her maiden voyage in July, 1952, and is the holder of the Blue Riband Trophy for the fastest Atlantic sea crossing. Both these giant vessels were built at the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company's yard. The aircraft-carrier is not yet in commission : her superstructure has been moved amidships during alterations to bring it 22 ft. to the port side of its original position. The *United States* was undergoing annual overhaul.



A NEW CABLE RAILWAY AT ST. MORITZ

The New Line Between Corviglia and Piz Nair will Help Swiss Winter Sports Enthusiasts

ONE OF THE STATIONS ON THE NEW LINE : The Corviglia station on the new cable-car line between Corviglia and Piz Nair, two well-known heights near St. Moritz. This new addition to the large number of cable railways in the popular Swiss winter sports resort was completed this month at a cost of £132,142. The two cars on the line can each carry forty passengers. The trip takes ten minutes each way, and it is estimated that as many as 300 passengers can be conveyed on the line in an hour.

On right—

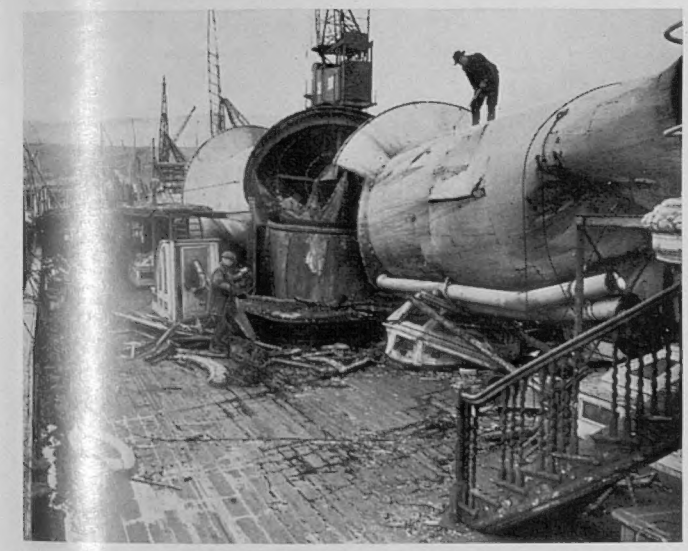
SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR OVER THE SLOPES OF ST. MORITZ : A cable car moving along the new line, between Corviglia station (8,172 ft.) and Piz Nair station (10,013 ft.). This view is towards Corviglia, with some of the St. Moritz mountain ranges, so popular with sports enthusiasts, towering in the distance.

A ROYAL YACHT in the BREAKERS' YARD

The "Victoria and Albert" at the End of Her Career

On left—

A FORMER ROYAL YACHT NEARS THE END OF A LONG CAREER : The *Victoria and Albert* at a breakers' yard in Faslane, in Scotland. Her decks are littered with rubbish as the breakers' men go about their work. The *Victoria and Albert*, the third Royal Yacht to bear the name, was condemned as unseaworthy in 1946, and after that date was converted into living quarters for the Royal Family when visiting Portsmouth. Earlier she had a glorious career under both King Edward VII and King George V. She was launched in 1899, during the reign of Queen Victoria, but the Queen, who was devoted to the 2nd *Victoria and Albert*, was never to sail in her.



THE GRACEFUL FUNNELS LIE CRUMPLED ON THE DECK : At the height of her seagoing career, the *Victoria and Albert* was very popular with the public. The sight of her steaming from Portsmouth into the Solent often added to the pleasure of a holiday at Southsea.

STRIPPED OF HER FITTINGS, THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" STILL RETAINS HER PLEASING LINES : She was designed by Sir William White, Director of Naval Construction, and was laid down at Pembroke Dockyard in 1897.

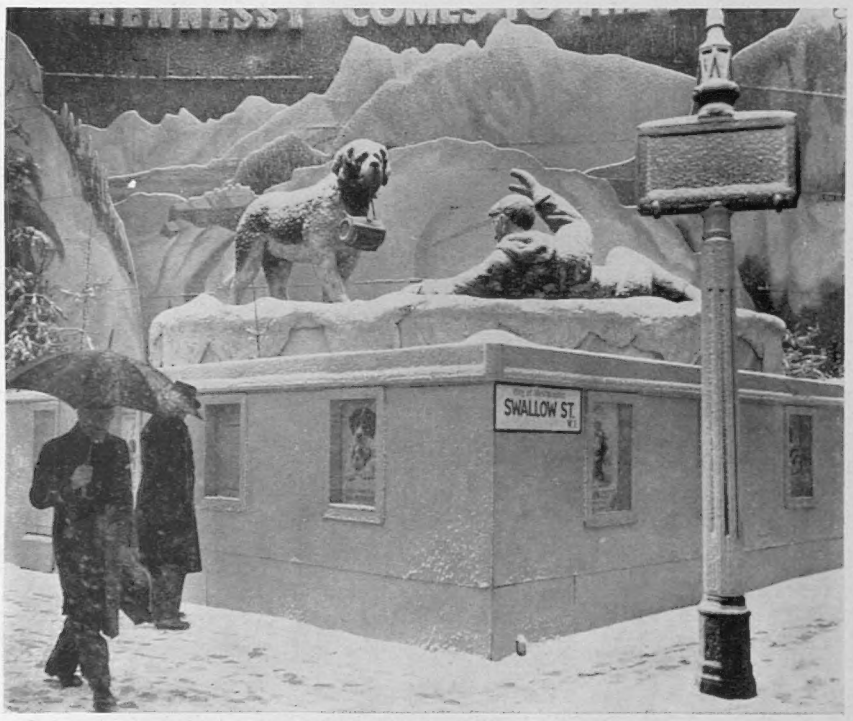
WORKMEN STRIPPING THE DECK APARTMENTS : The breaking up is being carried out by the British Iron and Steel Corporation. *On left*—The elegance of the aft staircase cannot be disguised. Everything of value was removed from the *Victoria and Albert* before she went to the breakers. Some of the furniture is now in the new Royal yacht, *Britannia*, some at Buckingham Palace, and some has been placed in the Admiralty Pool at Deptford.

ONE DAY'S SNOW

Most of Britain was Affected by what was Described as "The Heaviest Fall in a Day for many Years"

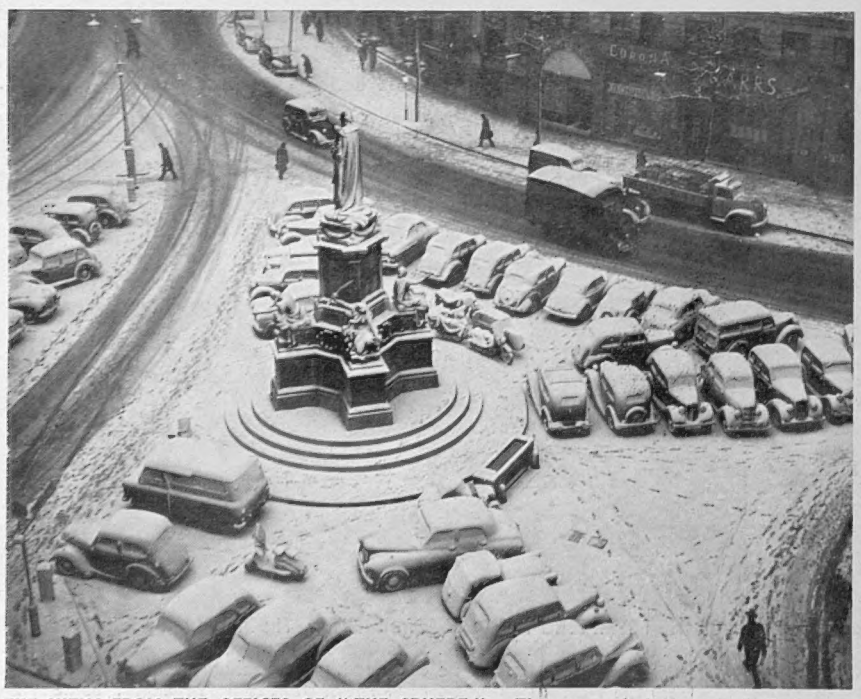
DRIVERS IN DIFFICULTIES : The first snow of 1955 caused trouble for drivers in fifty-two counties of Britain. According to the A.A., it was the "heaviest fall in a day for many years." London had its share of it. In Hampstead High Street traffic was held up while this car was pushed up the steep incline.

DELIGHT FOR CHILDREN : Some of the younger inhabitants of Eynsford, in Kent, enjoy themselves snowballing. But children were probably the only section of the British population who regretted the snow lasted only one day in many areas.



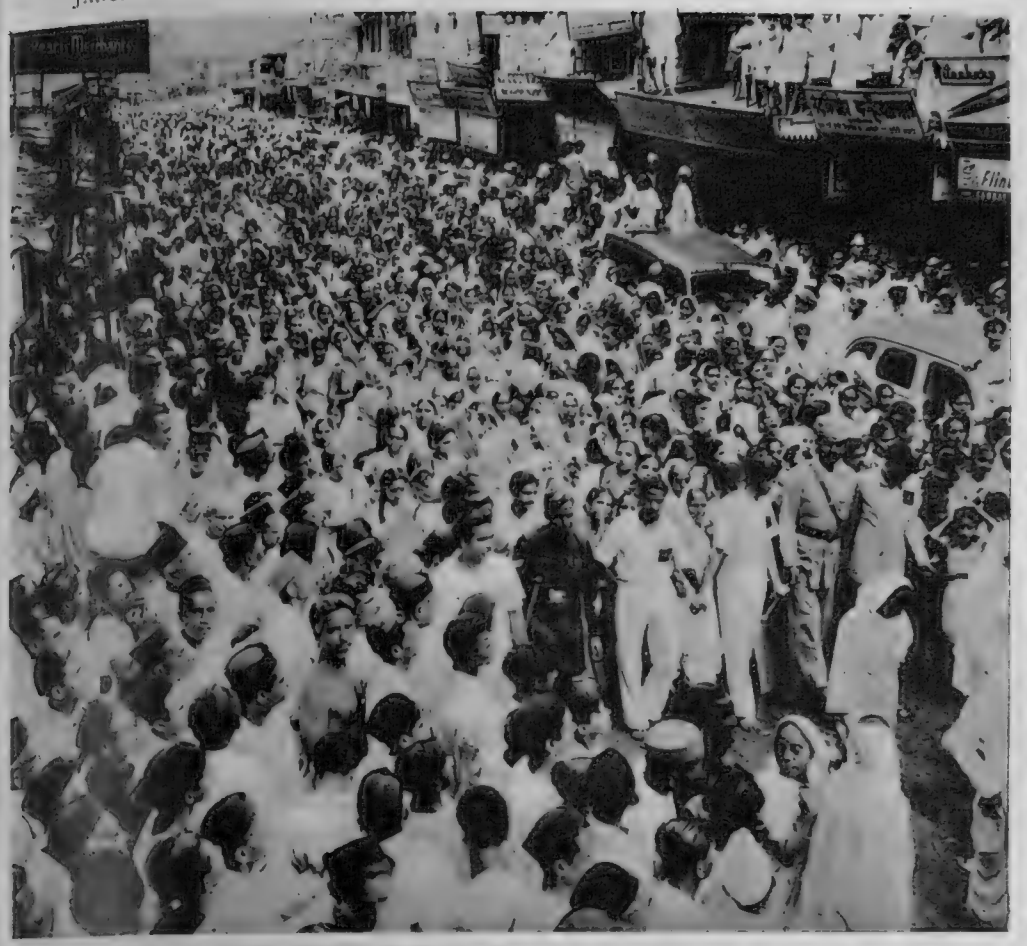
AN ALPINE TABLEAU IN PICCADILLY : On the corner of Swallow Street and Piccadilly the snow has given realism to the advertiser's St. Bernard dog on its errand of mercy in the Alps. The snow in London was the heaviest since that of 1947.

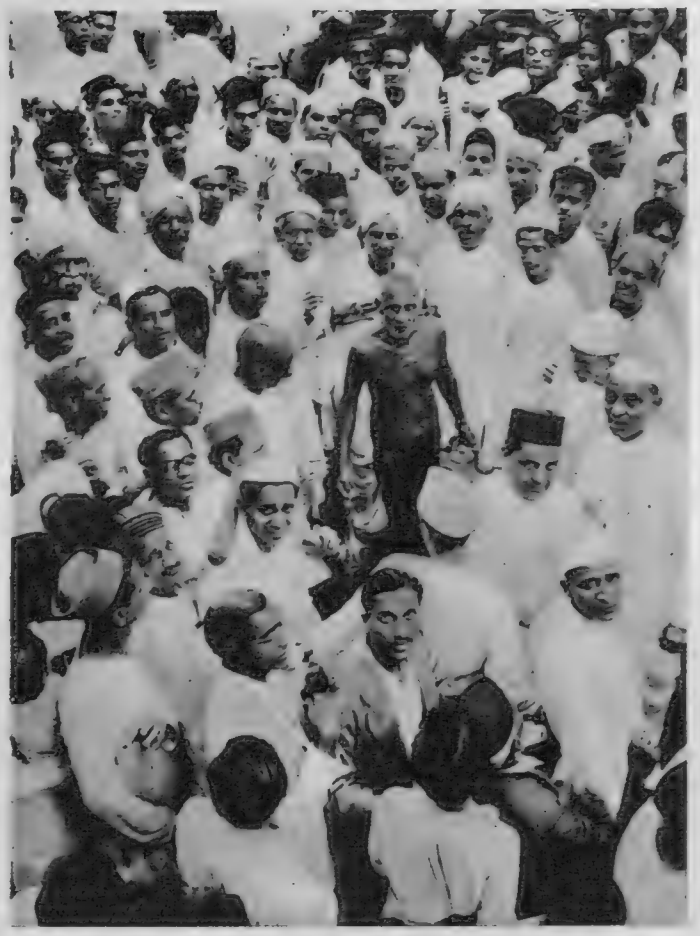
RAILWAY SERVICES WERE DELAYED : A train is leaving King's Cross Station, in London, for Cambridge forty-five minutes after its scheduled time. Some of the points outside the station had failed to work owing to the snow on the track.



THE VIEW FROM THE OFFICES OF "THE SPHERE" : The snow-clad statue of Gladstone looks along the Strand from the corner of Aldwych, near the Law Courts. The snow had very quickly covered the great Liberal statesman and the cars below him.

A CHRISTMAS TREE IN ITS PROPER SURROUNDINGS : The gift from Oslo to London, it stands, in the right of the picture, in Trafalgar Square. The snow kept away the usual crowd. Only children were attracted—for snowballing.





A HOLY MAN WALKS NAKED THROUGH BOMBAY: These pictures show some of the dense crowd which blocked the streets of the city and disrupted traffic when a Jain recluse walked naked from one temple to another. *On left*—The crowd following the Jain pilgrim stretches to the far end of the street. Although the two temples were only half-a-mile apart, the procession took four-and-a-half hours to cover the distance. Packed among these followers were many wealthy members of the Hindu and Jain communities. *On right*—**The recluse, Swami Nemisagar, makes his naked progress. Special permission had been given by the Government for him to discard his clothes, on the condition that he walked closely surrounded by his devotees.** Jainism developed from Brahminism about 2,500 years ago. It has certain points in common with Buddhism. Its followers have evolved a hagiolatry, their saints being known as Jina or Jains. Fundamentally quietist, they believe in a future existence for all forms of life and take extraordinary precautions to avoid accidentally killing even the smallest creature. They practise abstinence and numerous penances, and many of them wear no clothes. Their temples often contain superb architecture.

FROM THE FAR EAST

Pictures of a Holy Pilgrim in Bombay; and of the Colombo Powers in Conference at Bogor

ON THEIR WAY TO THE CONFERENCE: Lunching at Kallang Airport, Singapore, are (from left to right) Mr. Syed Mahmud, the Foreign Minister of India; Mr. Krishna Menon; U. Nu, the Prime Minister of Burma; Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru, the Prime Minister of India; and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the British Commissioner-General for South-East Asia. They were en route to Bogor, in Indonesia, for the Conference of the Colombo Powers. The purpose of the meetings was to draw up the agenda for the proposed Asian-African Conference.

THE CONFERENCE OF THE FIVE COLOMBO POWERS AT BOGOR, IN INDONESIA: *On left*—U. Nu, the Prime Minister of Burma, and Mr. Nehru, the Prime Minister of India, at Kallang Airport, Singapore, on their way to Bogor. *On right*—The delegates at the opening session. Burma and Indonesia are on the left-hand side, India in the centre, and Ceylon and Pakistan on the right. The Conference decided to invite twenty-five countries to the Asian-African talks in Indonesia in April.

WORLD REVIEW

A PICTORIAL ACCOUNT OF RECEN
EVENTS IN ASIA, AFRICA AND EUROPE

FACING AMERICA'S PROBLEMS IN THE FAR EAST—DIPLOMATIC AND MILITARY MOVES IN TOKYO AND TAIPEI: *On left*—The United States Ambassador to Japan, M. M. Allison, centre, and General John E. Hull, the U.S. Commander in the Far East, calling on the new Japanese Prime Minister, Mr. Ichiro Hatoyama. *On right*—A Arthur W. Radford, Chairman of the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff, with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek at the Chinese Nationalist leader's Formosa home near

A DAUGHTER OF THE NILE RECEIVES THE PRESS IN DELHI: Dr. Doria Shafik, leader of the Daughters of the Nile Movement, the Egyptian women's organisation for women's rights, addressing a news conference in the Indian capital. She said that the women of Egypt would agitate for the abolition of polygamy and of one-sided divorce, which was alien to the true teachings of Islam. First, however, women would have to gain entry into Parliament. Dr. Shafik was due to return to Cairo this week after touring twenty countries in eighty days. It may be recalled that she led a "fast to the last breath" in Cairo last March to secure political rights for women. Dr. Shafik gained the admiration of women all over the world.

THE NEW PRIME MINISTER OF SOUTH AFRICA AT HOME WITH HIS FAMILY: Mr. Johannes Strijdom in the grounds of his Cape Town home. With him is his eighteen-year-old daughter Estelle, his wife, and his son Gerhardus, aged fifteen. The house in Cape Town, the Groote Schuur, or Big Barn, has been the official residence of Prime Ministers of South Africa since the days of Cecil Rhodes, by whom it was built, and who was its first resident. It is a handsome building, standing on the lower slopes of Table Mountain, in the suburb of Rondebosch, and was erected on the site of a large barn which dated from 1657. Mr. Strijdom is not a Cape Province man; known as "The Lion of the North," he comes from the Transvaal.

Japan and Formosa both largely in the plans Pentagon, in Washington, diplomatic moves of the State Department. In T United States Ambassador first official call on the new Prime Minister, Mr. Hatoy it was not without signific accompanying Mr. Allison, Commander of the U.S. F the Far East, General H Hatoyama and his Governm more than once declared interest in furthering diplomatic relations with munist China, and there ha misgivings in some Americ about the attitude of the new ment, which are understand view of the strategic imp attached to Japan.

In Formosa, Admiral R had a number of conferenc Generalissimo Chiang K It was believed that he had d data for testimony which h give to a Senate Committee Mutual Defence Treaty sig November by the United and Nationalist China. It believed that in a series ferences with military leade Chairman of the United State Chiefs of Staff went over the defence plans of Formosa.

REFUGE FOR THE HOMELESS ON THE PARIS UNDERGROUND: The scene brings back memories of wartime. Recently the authorities of Paris have taken over two stations on the Metro, which are not in use at present, and established them as night refuges for the homeless. Here some of them at the Champs de Mars are settling down for the night. The other station providing a similar amenity is Rennes.

THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF POLICE IN KENYA: Mr. Richard Catling, who recently appointed, is seen here at an outlying police post in the Mas country. One of his first expeditions was to make a day's tour to n these posts—a distance of 200 miles. Mr. Catling succeeded Colonel A Young, who resigned for policy reasons and returned home a fortnight

CREW OF AN ISRAELI SHIP WHICH FIGURED IN AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT RETURN HOME: The men of the *Bat Galim* were greeted with flowers at Gaza, on the frontier. They had been held for three months by the Egyptians and released by a U.N. decision.

A WELCOME AWAITS THE ISRAELI SEAMEN: The barrier is raised to allow them to return to their homeland at the frontier station near Gaza, on the Israeli-Egyptian border. The crew of the *Bat Galim* are coming up the road from Egypt in an Army lorry. On the Israeli side of the barrier people have come from near-by settlements with bunches of flowers to welcome them.

The *Bat Galim*, a 500-ton ship with a crew of ten, set out from Haifa last September for Massawa, in East Africa. Her cargo was meat, plywood and hides. Her voyage was in the nature of a test, for she was the first Israeli ship to attempt to sail through the Suez Canal since the war with the Arabs in 1948.

In the Canal the ship was stopped by the Egyptian authorities and the crew arrested and detained at Port Tewfik. The Egyptians alleged that the crew of the ship, in her passage through the Canal, had fired on the coast with small arms, killing three fishermen and wounding a number of others. These charges were strenuously denied by the Israeli authorities, who demanded the immediate release of the vessel and crew. Eventually the matter was brought before the United Nations. The Egyptian case was rejected and the release of the ship and her men ordered.

KIER TRIUMPHS OVER A MISHAP: At the winter sports resort of Garmisch, in Bavaria, the long-lens camera has caught the Swedish ski-jumper Toiro Laurens losing his right ski just after he had taken-off from the platform of the giant Olympic ski-jump. He was competing in an international event. However, Laurens' skill enabled him to land on his remaining ski. Then he lost his balance and slid some way down the valley, much of the distance on his stomach. But he came out of this mishap without injuring himself.

S FOR THE POLICE: A New Year tradition is maintained in Clermont Ferrand, in France. The public bring presents of all kinds to the foot of the stand of the policemen on point duty in the Place de Jaude. The gifts are taken to the local police station.

ROME'S "SECOND CHRISTMAS": The lights illuminate the scene in the Piazza Navona. Round this famous Square toy and sweet stands have been erected for the Christmas season. The celebrations reach their climax on the Feast of the Epiphany, when children receive gifts from the fairy, La Befana. It is an occasion which the younger generation there regard as a "Second Christmas."

WAITING TO BE LAUNCHED ON TO DRY LAND: Ringed by a wall of earth piled up by bulldozers, the paddle-boat *Ticonderoga* lies high and dry at Shelburne, Vermont. This dry-dock, hewn out of the earth, was to be flooded, and the ship floated on to the railway-carriage at her bows. The *Ticonderoga*, which was built in 1905, was well known for many years when she plied on near-by Lake Champlain as a passenger-ship. She is now to become a permanent exhibit at the local museum, 3,000 yards away from her present location. The last journey of the *Ticonderoga*, on the railway-carriage, was expected to take forty-five days, at an average speed of 200 ft. a day.

HIGH AND DRY

An Old Paddle Steamer in America Awaits Her Voyage to the Local Museum; and a Stranded Vessel in Holland Waits for a Channel to be Cut Before She can be Refloated

A CHANNEL IS BUILT TO REFLOAT A STRANDED VESSEL ON THE COAST OF HOLLAND: The hull of the Panamanian ship *Katingo* towers over the grab, which is scooping away sand on the shore at Ymuiden, near Bergen. *On right*—A section of the channel which is being made to refloat the *Katingo*, which ran aground during a severe gale last month.

Motorists from many parts of the world have been stopping at the little village of Bergen, on the Dutch coast, to watch the efforts being made to refloat a vessel stranded there. Local coach operators have also been running trips to see the sight. The Panamanian ship *Katingo* (7,281 tons) ran aground on the sandy beach at the end of last month, when her steering gear failed in a severe gale. It was found that in order to refloat the *Katingo* a channel would have to be cut through the sand. Grabs were used to scoop up the sand, but it was an intricate operation and progress was slow, though the local inhabitants hardly had cause to regret this.

A GENERAL VIEW OF CWM IDWAL RESERVE: This picture, taken by Aerofilms, shows Llyn Du in the centre foreground. On the left are the cliffs of Glyder Fawr, which rises behind them to 3,279 ft. From the middle background the cleft of the Devil's Kitchen (Twll Du) runs down to the right. It contains Arctic Alpine plants, survivals of the end of the Ice Age. In the far distance is the main peak of Snowdon.

A WELSH NATIONAL NATURE RESERVE

The First in the Principality: it is at Cwm Idwal, in Carnarvonshire, and besides having Great Natural Beauty, is a Unique Centre for Geological and Botanical Research

By R. ELFYN HUGHES

TWO months ago the first National Nature Reserve in Wales came into existence at Cwm Idwal, in Carnarvonshire. Its area lies within the Snowdonia National Park. The land (984 acres) has been leased from the present owners, the National Trust, and the grazing rights there remain in the hands of the previous tenant. All parts of it are open to the public.

The Reserve is shaped like a teapot. In the north-west the handle is round Llyn Clyd. The lid in the north is balanced over Llyn Idwal (1,234 ft.) and the spout is at Llyn Bochlwyd, in the north-east. From there the body of the pot runs south to Glyder Fawr (3,279 ft.) and then north to the handle at Llyn Clyd. It is best reached by taking the A 5 road to Ogwen Cottage, at the north end of Llyn Ogwen. From here a rough path of about half a mile leads to Llyn Idwal.

The scenery of the Cwm is probably unique in south Britain. From the floor of the Cwm the cliffs of the north face of the Glyder Fawr and the Twll Du (Devil's Kitchen) rise in a majestic sweep to form an impressive amphitheatre of natural beauty. Besides its natural attractions, it is an area for scientific research, particularly in geology.

Ordovician rocks prevail over the greater part of Snowdonia, which was once a region of intense volcanic activity, so that various kinds of igneous and volcanic rocks abound. To-day, they give Snowdonia its character—of a wildness, of many different kinds of rocks and of a rich diversity of scenic and scientific interest. Since the early nineteenth century much research has been done in the Cwm Idwal region into Ordovician volcanicity and the origin and structure of these rocks. Eminent geologists, such as Sedgwick, Ramsay, Harker, the brothers Howel and David Williams, have made important fundamental discoveries here.

Cwm Idwal region has a representative range of Ordovician sediments and volcanic rocks. The latter are undoubtedly of greatest interest, particularly from the biological point of view. Rhyolites and pumice tuff are probably the most prevalent rocks of this kind in Snowdonia. The former is acidic (low lime and high silica content), and the latter basic (higher lime and lower silica content). Both these occur in Cwm Idwal, together with another basic rock, andesitic basalt.

Their main exposure is round the Devil's Kitchen, while the more acid kinds and sediments occur over the greater part of the rest of the Reserve. The Glyder Fawr cliffs, for instance, are of a rhyolitic nature. Biologically, the basic rocks give rise to a relatively fertile soil, bearing a varied and rich vegetation which is in direct contrast with the more heathy vegetation of the poorer rhyolitic soils.

Some of the earliest evidence that Britain has been affected by an Ice Age came from Cwm Idwal. When Charles Darwin and Adam Sedgwick visited the Cwm in 1831 they noted such features as striæ on rocks which could have been of glacial origin. Later, Ramsay put forward the view that the low hillocks which flank Llyn Idwal are of glacial origin—that is to say, they are moraines.

In recent years scientists (particularly Norman Woodhead, of Bangor, and Dr. Harry Godwin, of Cambridge) have investigated the sequence of vegetational changes which have occurred in this Cwm since the close of the last Ice Age. These are considered to be due primarily to fluctuations in climate and can be followed by the examination of plant remains in peat deposits, such as twigs, branches of trees, and slightly humified remains of herbaceous plants. Pollen grains, too, are well preserved in the peat, and can be seen and identified by microscopical examination. By a macro- and microscopic examination of successive layers of the peats, from their base to their present surface, it is possible to reconstruct the sequence of vegetational change that has occurred in Cwm Idwal since between 11,000 to

(Continued on following page)

TWO OF THE RARE ALPINE PLANTS IN THE WELSH NATURE RESERVE: *On left*—A cluster of *Saxifraga oppositifolia* on a boulder below the Devil's Kitchen. *On right*—*Lloydia serotina*. This white flower was first discovered in Snowdonia in the seventeenth century by Edward Lloyd. The Nature Conservancy has appointed a warden to prevent these flowers being picked. *(Pictures by R. Malby and Co.)*

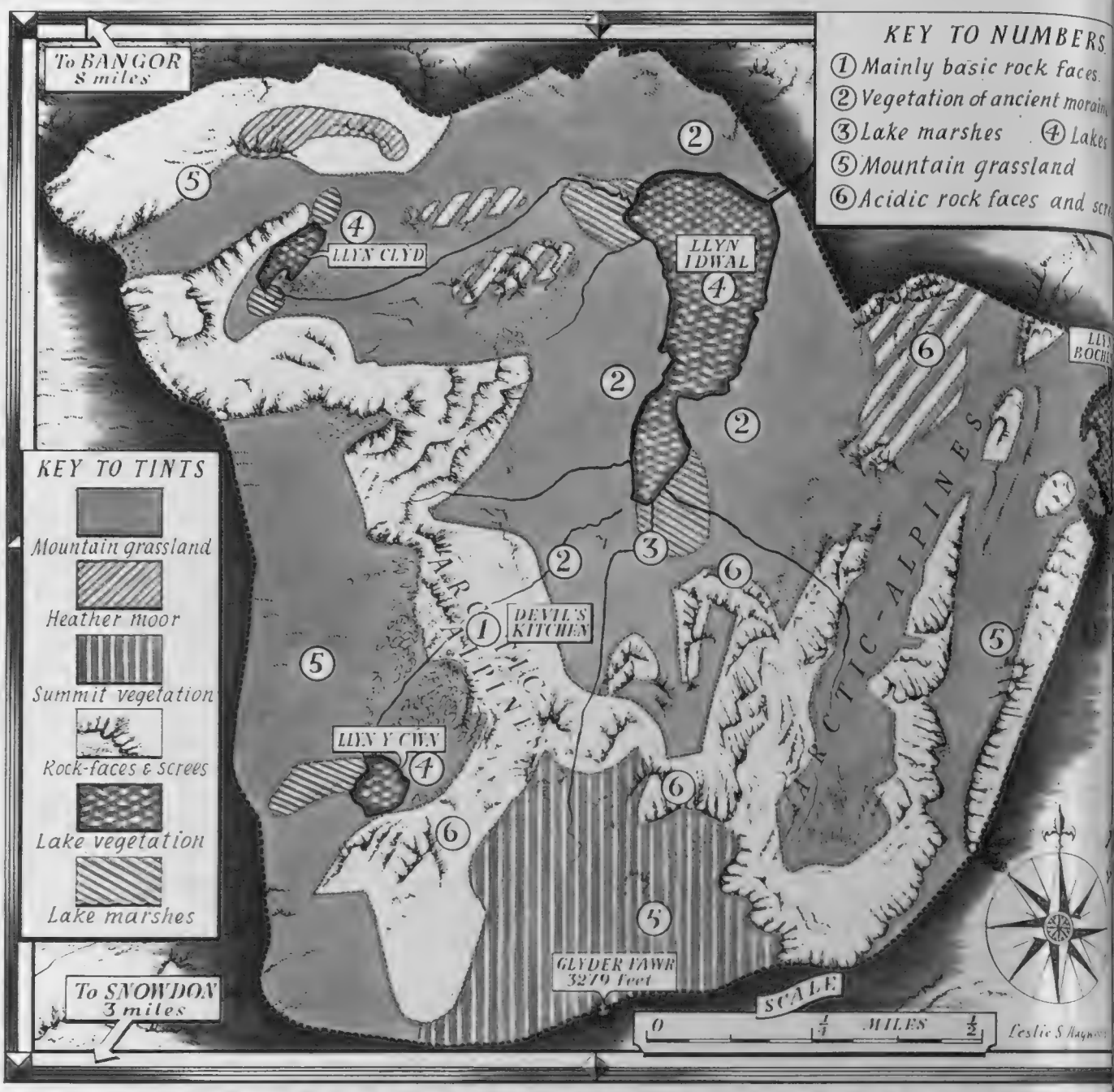
A WELSH NATIONAL NATURE RESERVE

(*Cont. from previous page*)

20,000 years ago. It is probable that in early post-glacial times a tundra-like vegetation occupied Cwm Idwal. As the climate improved, the birch and pine appeared, finally giving way to the alder, the oak and the hazel.

A visit to the peat deposits between the moraines on the north-west shore of Llyn Idwal will show that trees did exist there, as tree remains can be clearly seen in the eroded peat. Woodlands, absent now from Cwm Idwal, were undoubtedly more extensive between 5,000 and 6,000 years ago because of the warmer climate of the period. But later, from 1000 B.C. onwards, the climate became colder and wetter, resulting in the extensive development of peat-bogs and poorer leached soils. Bog plants and heather increased in abundance, so that peats from this period have a very high percentage of heather pollen.

Throughout this long period of climatic and vegetational change since the close of the Ice Age, it is of considerable interest that certain plants, known collectively as Arctic-alpines, have survived in Cwm Idwal and elsewhere in Snowdonia, sheltering between boulders, on rock ledges and in crevices. They probably grew in the tundra-like vegetation of the Cwm soon after the disappearance of the ice, and possibly also in the peripheral lowlands of the Snowdonian massif. They may even have contrived to flourish after the Ice Age in favourable sheltered localities in the Cwm itself and elsewhere. The Arctic-alpine plants are really the core of vegetational continuity through the thousands of years when climatic and vegetational changes were of an extreme kind. It is a fascinating subject for vegetational research to know why these plants survived there.



THE FIRST NATIONAL NATURE RESERVE IN WALES : This map is simplified from field surveys carried out by N. Woodhead and R. Alun R. It shows the 984 acres which the Nature Conservancy has leased in the Snowdonia National Park. The keys indicate some o geological and botanical features. The area lies to the north of Snowdon. Mountains, valleys and lakes give it a wild and rugged b

It has been suggested that these Arctic-alpine plants in post-glacial times may have had a wider distribution. There is some support for this view, since on the rocks in the vicinity of the Devil's Kitchen there are plants which are usually associated with maritime situations, such as *Plantago maritima* and *Armeria maritima*. In earlier post-glacial ages these species may have had a more general distribution from maritime situations across to the mountains themselves.

The present-day discontinuity in their distribution is considered to be due possibly to the crowding-out of this flora by the spread of woodland, grasslands and heaths during the post-glacial climatic and vegetational changes. Therefore, it may be that *Plantago maritima* and *Armeria maritima* survived on inland cliffs, such as those of the Devil's Kitchen, when competition from other plants was at its weakest. This explanation may also hold for other Arctic-alpines, such as *Saxifraga oppositifolia, S. stellaris, S. hypnoides, Lloydia serotina* and *Silene acaulis*, though these species have no maritime distribution to-day.

But this is not all. The Arctic-alpine plants have particular soil requirements. They are found in the vicinity of the basic rocks, such as the pumice tuff and andesitic basalt, and therefore their main area of distribution in Cwm Idwal is on the rock-faces of the cliffs of the Devil's Kitchen and amongst the boulders strewn on the slopes below. Since these plants occur in the vicinity of lime-rich rocks, they have been said to be calcicolous. This is not strictly true since the soils are moderately acid (approximate pH range 5 to 6.5) and not very deficient in bases, but they do not contain any free calcium carbonate. Nevertheless, they are within the range of tolerance of these plants to soil acidity. Rhyolitic soils are too acid for them.

It is possible that in early post-glacial times these species occurred on both rhyolitic and the more basic soils, but in the course of time the high rainfall and humidity of the district has led to the severe leaching of bases from all these soils. It is known that rhyolitic soils leach more rapidly than those derived from the more basic rocks. The final result of this leaching of the soils over hundreds of years has been that rhyolitic soils are distinctly acid, while those de from the more basic rocks are moderately acid, provide a suitable habitat for the growth and su of Arctic-alpine species.

These basic habitats present to the Conserva special problem. They are, where sheep-graz possible, the foci of intense grazing, and it is h that in Snowdonia as a whole the economically p tive sheep-walks are those in vicinity of these basic rocks. grazing intensity in summer vary according to altitude and fall from a little over oc approximately three ewes t acre—the age classes of sheep put in terms of ewe units. exact figures for the grazable sites in Cwm Idwal are not k but they certainly lie between two extremes. The survival Arctic-alpine plants under conditions is of scientific co

THE LONELY GRANDEUR OF LLYN IDWAL : The lake is fringed by morainic deposits. Scientific investigation tends to the view that they are of glacial origin. Behind are the cliffs of the Devil's Kitchen. In 1831 Charles Darwin and Adam Sedgwick noted the glacial features of the rocks.

We have no experimental dence on the effect of di grazing pressures on these int ing species, nor do we know total exclusion of grazing enhance their chances of surv It is even possible that the gra of sites other than inacces ledges or rock-faces may factor in their survival, sin the absence of grazing, grasses taller growing species may them out. Again it may be protection from grazing at cr periods in the growth of some these species may be the impo factor in their survival. A moment we can only guess at answers to these problems, their solution is one of the which lie ahead of us.

We do, however, know th great deal of harm is being to some of these Arctic-a species by indiscriminate colle

TURAL BEAUTY WHICH ALSO EVEALS SECRETS OF OVER 20,000 EARS AGO : On the right Pen-yr-len Wen towers above Llyn Idwal winter. Recently, experts have raced the vegetational changes hich have occurred here since the e Age. They are considered to be ue primarily to fluctuations in imate and can be followed by xamination of the peat deposits etween the moraines on the shores f this lake and elsewhere in Cwm lwal and the Snowdonia District.

arge quantities of these species. e of the important tasks of the ure Conservancy is to limit this vity. A Warden has been ointed whose task will be to uade visitors from collecting se Arctic-alpine species. Some damage has also been e to the flora by rock-climbers. v routes are "gardened" of etation. Very considerable sec- s of the Idwal slabs and the er cliffs of the Glyder Fawr e been affected in this way. se are, however, rhyolitic in ure and the loss of the rarer cies may not be great. It is ertheless probable that the tic-alpine habitats in the vicinity he Devil's Kitchen have been naged, and the possible opening newer routes may be a major eat to this flora. The Nature servancy earnestly asks moun- eering organisations to co- rate in reducing unnecessary nage to these very important itats of the Arctic-alpine flora.

TWO VIEWS FROM THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN : *On the left* the picture was taken to the west and above Twll Du. The deposit and marshy and bog vegetation round Llyn Idwal are seen clearly. *On the right* is the cleft of the Devil's Kitchen itself, with Lake Ogwen in the distance. This crevice, which is between 200 ft. and 300 ft. deep and extends back for 500 ft., yields valuable information regarding pre-history. In the remote fastness of Cwm Idwal, which in winter is awe-inspiring, may lie many scientific secrets still to be uncovered.

A discussion of the Arctic- ne flora of Cwm Idwal cannot be complete without tioning the white-flowered *Lloydia serotina*. It was discovered in Snowdonia by Edward Lloyd in the nteenth century. In Britain it is only found in wdonia, though elsewhere in the Northern Hemi- ere it has a circumpolar and alpine distribution. uniqueness of this plant need not be stressed, and task of the Nature Conservancy is clear in that it t do all it can to ensure the survival of this plant s natural habitat. The lake itself contains a number nteresting plants, such as the Quillworts (*Isoëtes stris* and *I. echinospora*), *Subularia aquatica* and the er Lobelia (*Lobelia dortmanna*).

Turning to general features of the vegetation of the n, the map reproduced on these pages shows in a highly generalised manner the distribution of some of the major types of vegetation. The Arctic-alpine vegetation has already been described. The vegetation of acidic (rhyolite) rock-faces is more limited and is of a heathy character. Mountain grasslands are the most prevalent vegetation type in the Reserve. These grasslands are various kinds of *Nardus stricta* (Mat Grass) communities and bent grass-fescue communities (*Agrostis spp.* and *Festuca ovina* and *F. rubra*). The *Nardus* communities are at their best on the moraines on the north-west shore of Llyn Idwal, and the bent-fescue communities amongst the boulders below the Devil's Kitchen.

Peat bog vegetation (e.g., *Eriophorum augustifolium* and *Sphagnum spp.*) is found between the moraines on the banks of Llyn Idwal ; at higher levels a blanket bog is seen west of the Devil's Kitchen near Llyn y Cwm. At the highest levels of the Reserve a sparse vegetation of *Festuca ovina* is found, with the moss *Rhacomitrium lanuginosum*.

Apart from the interesting communities of Arctic-alpines, there is, therefore, a wide range of mountain habitats and related vegetation in Cwm Idwal, and there is little doubt that they present for study many fundamental ecological problems.

It is hoped that Wales's first Nature Reserve will be the forerunner of several others. Future reserves will include breeding areas of sea birds and birds of prey, sand-dune areas, further sites of the Arctic-alpine vegetation, bogs and oak woodlands of various kinds.

MOVING DAY IN KHARTOUM

The Fallata Slum Area on the Outskirts of the Sudanese Capital is Cleared and More than 12,000 People are Resettled

The New Year saw the young independent Sudan State assert itself in two very different ways. The final steps were taken towards the "Sudanisation" of the administration when a large proportion of the English government and legal officials, including the judges, resigned. Their posts will be taken over by Sudanese during the year. Of more immediate note was the resettlement of a slum area on the outskirts of Khartoum.

In the General Plan for the Sudanese capital there are five distinct areas. There are the First-, Second- and Third-Class residential and business areas; the Native Living Quarters; and the Fallata-class area. It was this last which became the object of an extensive resettlement programme. The Fallata are mostly not Sudanese at all, but Nigerians. Every year they pass through Khartoum on a pilgrimage, and each time some of them settle there instead of returning home. They built their own houses right on the outskirts of the city, and by the end of 1954, 12,160 people had gathered there. As can be imagined, the slum conditions in the Westerner area where they had settled grew steadily worse as the numbers of the Fallata increased, and the whole area became most insanitary by any standards. It was consequently decided to move the Fallata, and rehouse them in another area outside the city. Each Fallata householder was allotted 120 sq. yards, and there, as before, he built his own shelter for himself and his family. The Sudan authorities have thus dealt, at any rate for the time being, with one of the many urgent problems now facing them.

SORTING THEMSELVES OUT IN THE NEW AREA: The scene in the market of the new area on the outskirts of Khartoum to which 12,160 Fallata were moved by the Sudanese authorities from the old Westerner slum.

THE OLD WESTERNER SLUM: Nearly everything has already been moved to the new village suburb, and only the washing remains in the old insanitary slum area. Nigerians who passed through Khartoum on their annual pilgrimages tended to settle there.

A NEW HOUSE IN A NEW AREA: On his arrival in the new village, each Fallata is allotted 120 sq. yards on which to build his home. As before, he builds his own shelter, but only temporary buildings are permitted.

ALLOCATING A PLOT OF LAND: Officials make the distribution of the 120 sq. yards of land to the householders who have been removed to the new area outside Khartoum. The old slums are to be cleared away completely by the Sudanese authorities.

THE BIG MOMENT HAS COME: Neighbours co-operating in removing their possessions from the old Westerner slum. The Fallata took all their household possessions, as well as the building materials for their new homes.

TRAFFIC FLOWS AGAIN IN THE SUEZ CANAL: The long line of ships begins to move once more. The tanker *World Peace*, which caused the stoppage, can be seen anchored in a by-pass on the right of the picture. Once she had been freed from the El Ferdan bridge she was towed away, still with 50 tons of metal entangled in her superstructure. Altogether 160 ships had to wait until the tanker could be disentangled from the bridge, and fog prevented movement until the fourth day.

TRAFFIC FLOWS PAST THE EL FERDAN BRIDGE ONCE AGAIN: The *Exchequer*, of the American Export Lines, Inc., steams past the bridge. The span which was struck by the *World Peace*, which had been removed, can be seen on the left.

BACK TO NORMAL AT SUEZ

The Queue of Ships Caused by the Accident at El Ferdan is Cleared After a Three-day Hold-up

The accident at El Ferdan, on the Suez Canal, was the worst in the Canal's eighty-five years. It was fully five days before traffic was reduced to its normal density. After the blockage had been cleared, the Suez Canal Company issued a statement in which it said that the ultimate cause of the accident was the existence at El Ferdan of a swing bridge. The statement drew attention to the fact that the Company had often pointed out this bridge as a danger to navigation. The bridge was built during the war by British military authorities to form a vital link between railways running both sides of the Canal. After the war it was handed over to the Egyptian State Railways, who have so far refused to remove it in the face of repeated requests from the Company. The two piers on which the bridge swings are only just outside the ship channel, and the *World Peace* was not the first ship to collide with them. A new railway bridge has been built 2½ miles south of that at El Ferdan, with spans wide enough to obviate the danger of collision.

ENFORCED IDLENESS: Egyptian dock workers sit listlessly on a wall while waiting for the blockage to be cleared. Behind them are some of the ships which were delayed. This stoppage brought brief prosperity to the shopkeepers of Suez.

THE EL FERDAN BRIDGE AFTER THE "WORLD PEACE" HAD BEEN CUT FREE: The span nearest the camera is that which caused the collision. The narrow sea-going passageway between the two fully-open spans can be seen from this picture.

THE NEW CARACAS TAKES SHAPE AMID THE FOOTHILLS OF THE ANDES: An aerial view of the Venezuelan capital, showing the Avenida Bolivar leading to the great business centre in the heart of the city. This development took five years to complete and cost £100,000,000.

OIL BUILDS THE NEW CARACAS

The Great New Building Projects in the Capital of Venezuela Reflect the New Prosperity which the Oil Wells are Bringing to the Country

Oil has brought prosperity to the South American country of Venezuela, and, like Iraq on the other side of the world, this new-found wealth is reflected in the changing face of her capital city. Caracas is a city of 962,000 inhabitants, and for the past three years the population has been watching with amazement and delight the whirlwind transformation of its capital.

At once the epitome of this tremendous undertaking and the focal point of the new Caracas is the capital's Simon Bolivar Centre. This is a great headquarters for business, shopping and communications, built on the lines of New York's Rockefeller Center. Built at a cost of £100,000,000, it was completed after five long years of excavation and construction work. The Bolivar Centre contains two main office buildings of twenty-six storeys each, and two buildings with nine storeys each. Both are now in use as Government and private business offices. Below the buildings are underground shops and restaurants, car parks, and an enormous bus terminal. To make way for this great project of modern building more than 800 old Spanish-style buildings, some of them 400 years old, had to be cleared away.

From this city centre runs the great Avenida Bolivar highway and the numerous avenues which link the various sections of the capital, and which save literally hours in travelling time. The great highway is a continuation of the Autopista. This fabulous 10-mile road, built at a cost of £21,428,571, links Caracas with the rest of the country, passing through the beautiful foothills of the Andes. Motorists in London will be envious to learn that the route to the suburb is not marred by a single traffic light, or even an opportunity for a traffic jam.

But the reconstruction programme inaugurated by President Jiminez is not confined to spectacular features like these. The old slum shanty town of Caracas, with the hillside occupied by "ranchitos," has disappeared. In a great slum clearance project called Cerro Piloto, these slums are being replaced by huge modern blocks of flats. There are forty of these buildings, each of which are fifteen storeys high. Approximately 1,000 people can be accommodated in each block, and the rentals, which are, in fact, "hire-purchase" instalments, range from £2 2s. 10d. to £10 14s. 3d. a week.

In the past two years £285,000,000 has been spent by the Venezuelan Government on public works alone. On a scale unparalleled in the world, the rich profits gleaned from the country's oil are ploughed back in the form of new buildings and roads, and it is estimated that something like half of the country's income from oil is thus reinvested. It used to be said that the motto of the South American was "Mañana! To-morrow is good enough for me." But in Venezuela he is acting to-day.

HIGHWAY TO A NEW STANDARD OF LIVING: The Avenida Bolivar centre of Caracas, a continuation of the Autopista which runs the foothills of the Andes. From the city centre the highw straight to an outlying suburb without a single traffic light on

CAPITAL'S SLUM CLEARANCE PROJECT: The fine new blocks of flats rise up in the place of the hillside old slum areas of Caracas, called "ranchitos." This is the Cerro Piloto, which consists of forty blocks of flats, each fifteen storeys high. Each building also contains two lifts which serve between 150 and 180 flats; each block will house about 1,000 people. The rent of a flat ranges from £2 2s. 10d. to £10 14s. 3d. a week, and is paid as part of a rental plan which leads to eventual ownership.

GREAT CITY CENTRE IN CARACAS: The Simon Bolivar Centre seen at night. Built in the manner of New York's Rockefeller Center, it consists of two main office buildings, each twenty-six storeys high, and two buildings nine storeys high. Below are shops, cafes, car-parks, a bus terminal, and the Avenida Bolivar.

SPEEDING UP TRAFFIC IN A BUSY CITY: The New Republic Viaduct, which connects the Autopista, the Avenida Sucre, the Avenida Bolivar and the Autopista West. In the background is the city centre. The new viaduct and the avenues have reduced driving time to the airport outside the city from two hours to twenty minutes.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

Preserving the Countryside.—I have always been suspicious of the idea of "preserving" the countryside, since at heart I feel this to be a defeatist attitude. The process of saving something from extinction so often leads to slow sterilisation. Vitality dies away because the conditions are artificial, thus nothing is gained in the end despite the best intentions. This principle applies over the whole of the countryside—to farming, craftsmanship, village life, and all that is meant by our rural inheritance. In the long run the only hope, I am sure, is to try to reinvigorate the economy of the countryside, so that it can stand up by itself to the pressure of the modern world. For that reason I advocate the introduction of small-scale industry of any kind to the larger villages, to take the place of the crafts which have gone, and to give work on the spot to some of the country people who cannot find jobs on the land.

At present far too many villages are merely dormitories, even those some distance from the big towns. Their occupants are away all day, sometimes all week, working in a shop, factory or office, ten or twenty miles from home. Quite naturally it nearly always ends in a man finding a new home near his work, and this means that village society is constantly changing. That cannot be the right answer for the countryside, and yet remunerative work is the basis of a man's life. Without it he cannot keep himself or a family or afford any of the comforts or amenities which make living in a particular place worth while.

In a competitive world agriculture is unlikely to employ more people than it does now, and so a real alternative must be found that gives countrymen a stake in their own district.

Once society has been stabilised, then there is some chance of regaining the native culture which has been our glory in the past. We have only to look at the astonishing variety of village architecture to know that this is true; to sing a folk-song, or to listen-in to the local speech in a pub even in the Home Counties. And if you go to your county museum you can find endless examples—from horse brasses to cottage furniture and fine lace—of a local civilisation that is now dead.

Now, I firmly believe that any culture worthy of the name is the product of order. It cannot be created *in vacuo*, nor in a rootless society; and that is why to-day, when we live in an age of transition, we have lost our touch. The old arts of the countryside have gone because the rural hierarchy has broken up, and nothing has taken its place. We don't even know whether agriculture is wanted or not. At the same time it would be false for us to reproduce in a slavish manner the practices and achievements of the past. That is the fallacy into which so many rural revivalists have fallen, and it never works. You cannot keep up medieval pretensions in a scientific age, and it is sheer play-acting to think that you can.

None the less, tradition can be an inspiration, and that, to my mind, is where "preservation" plays its part. For lack of a living tradition, we must adapt the best of the old, in the hope that one day we shall evolve something creative for ourselves. If we don't do this, if we calmly wait until things come right (which they may never do), we run the danger of losing our entire heritage. And we shall end up complete Philistines, living in a world of permanent prefabs. and canned entertainment, easy meat for the tyrannies of 1984.

I have only come to these conclusions comparatively recently. In fact, when the Agriculture, Planning and National Parks Acts were passed after the war, I thought there would be no further need for such bodies as the National Trust, the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, or the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Society, all of which had done noble work in the free-for-all days when anyone could abuse the countryside to their heart's content.

Planning, after all, means the preservation of land and other resources in the interests of the community—State Preservation, if you like—and so I thought the future looked good. We would no longer see that dreadful sign, "Land Ripe for Development," and watch market-garden land, or a park, or any good field bounded by a hard road being murdered by speculative builders. I soon found out my mistake. True, development is now more orderly, and there is a policy of a sort for land use. But good cultivable land is still being eaten up at an alarming rate, and no less an authority than Dr. Dudley Stamp calculates we must lose at least another 500,000 good acres in the next twenty years.

It is not that our planners are all insensitive to the value of the countryside, although some undoubtedly are. It is rather that, being a tight little industrial island, the legitimate pressures upon land space are so great that ground has literally to be yielded at this suicidal rate to meet the barest requirements. When will it end? Only, I suppose, when the population has ceased to grow and when every family has a decent house.

The Petersfield Society.—It is now clear that voluntary organisations are more necessary than ever, to guard the interests of minorities, and to remind the Public Authority of our intangible assets—of beauty, history and local character. The Petersfield Society is a case in point. Affiliated to the C.P.R.E., it aims generally to preserve what is good in the character of Petersfield and its neighbourhood, and to educate the public to this end. In particular, it encourages the reconditioning of old buildings where they merit it, and the intelligent siting and design of new buildings to harmonise with their surroundings. It tries, too, to safeguard natural beauty wherever possible, and to oppose ugliness of any kind. A clear principle, but not, I think, a die-hard defence of the *status quo*, for the Society does, in fact, co-operate in a lively and progressive manner with local officials wherever new development is contemplated.

For example, in 1954, it was concerned with the design of a new multiple store in the town square, with the use of an open space as a car-park, with litter and advertisement hoardings, and with the cultivation of roadside trees.

Just now it is interested in a flood-prevention scheme under way in the near-by village of East Meon. The Hampshire River Board is straightening and widening the bed of the stream which flows down the centre of an eighteenth-century street. This very necessary work involves the reconstruction of several small bridges to accommodate a wider waterway, but the Society is anxious that the new structures shall at least retain the form of the old parapets. These, as the photographs show, are built of brick and flint and curve outwards, and they form part of the architectural unity of the street. I hope the Board will make this concession to historical accuracy and good taste.

The Society is also keen to remove an eyesore on the summit of Beacon Hill, near South Harting. This is a group of blast walls, all that remains of six observation huts used for home defence and now destroyed. These unsightly things are plumb on the skyline and also partly overrun an ancient earthwork. Their continued existence, therefore, is hard to justify.

Such is the work of "preservation," and at Petersfield it is supplemented by occasional lectures and summer outings for the benefit of the members, who are not asked for large subscriptions. What is required of them, however, is a sense of awareness and an active interest in the problems that arise. In this way a body of critical opinion is being created, only a little less effective than a political group, but far more civilised.

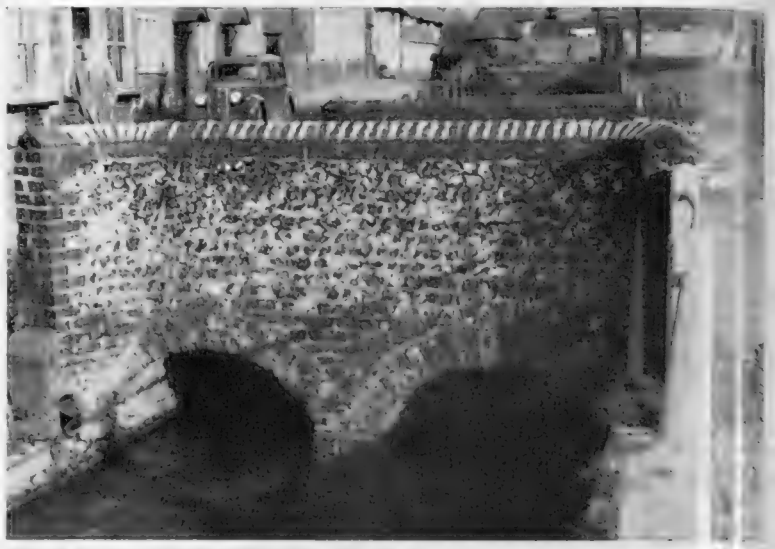
The Branch Line.—Every year sees the closure of one or two more little single-track railways that percolate into the heart of the countryside. Lately, I believe, a society has been formed to protect the interests of the survivors, although I cannot see how anything effective can be done. Economics must surely call the tune, and the problem seems to defy solution. When they were first built, railways must have seemed a dreadful intrusion into the rural scene, but they have long since become part of the landscape, and we have grown fond of them.

A typical country line, from Taunton to Barnstaple, runs along the northern boundary of my farm, and I should be very sorry indeed if it ever had to close down. For one thing, it provides an excellent stock fence, keeping my own cattle in and others out, especially the deer which frequently filter down from Exmoor and which can jump any normal fence with ease. Until recently the trains were excellent timekeepers; one passed shortly before lunch, another at five, and this gave the men on the farm a clue as to when to knock off. Now, however, we have a new winter time-table, and we are all at sixes and sevens.

Our line was built about seventy-five years ago. It is forty-five miles long and it takes a little under two hours to do the full journey, which is not fast. It is, however, better than the bus service, and it should be remembered that the trains have to negotiate a sinuous and mountainous track. There is one stretch on the Devon border where it curves, rises and falls much like a racer at a fun-fair, and you can hear the engines labouring miles away. There are some seven trains a day each way, but the passenger traffic is not heavy, except in summer.

On the other hand, the freight service is brisk, and handles a fascinating variety of household and agricultural goods. As we live only about a mile from the station, I often fetch my own parcels, and at any time in the goods yard there is a fine collection of feeding-stuffs, fertilisers, implements, wholesale ironmongery, straw, hay, coal, small engines, ropes and tarpaulins, supplemented according to the calendar by anything from day-old chicks to garden plants and store cattle from an outlying market. Two lorries make regular deliveries from the station, and for this service alone the railway is a necessity. Without it all the farms in the southern half of Exmoor and the Brendon Hills, and many others too, would be in a serious plight.

Our interest in the line, then, is not merely sentimental. I only hope it doesn't lose too much money!



THE OLD, SMALL BRIDGES OF EAST MEON: *Above* and *below*—In their reconstruction by the Hampshire River Board, the Petersfield Society is anxious that the bridges of brick and flint, shall retain their present form.

NEW YEAR HARVESTING IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE: This is the unusual scene of a combine harvester at work in January, on a 10-acre field of barley owned by Mr. George Mason, at Northleach. Owing to the poor weather conditions during the harvesting season, the barley was cut in October and left until the combine dealt with it earlier this month. A reasonable yield was obtained.

"BOW BELLS" CHURCH WILL RISE AGAIN

Work Begins on the Restoration of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside

The bells of Bow Church are renowned in the history of London for their association with Dick Whittington, three times Lord Mayor of London, and with the definition of a "Cockney." Since the early part of the Second World War these bells have been silent, but soon Londoners will hear the bells of a new church, for the restoration of St. Mary-le-Bow Church, Cheapside, is now under way. At the moment the tower is intact, but the body of the church is a mere shell. When the old church was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren after the Great Fire of London in 1666, the cost was in the region of £10,000. The present restoration is expected to cost £200,000.

The south aisle of the Norman arched crypt has been cleared and preparations are well in hand for the construction of an undercroft chapel which will accommodate a small congregation until the restoration of the church is complete. This aisle was used for burials up to 1849, but was closed by an Order in Council in 1862. Many of the remains of the burials have now been removed and after cremation will be returned to the crypt floor. Mr. Laurence King, the architect, says that the restoration of the crypt will take a year. He also says that the arched recesses of the crypt denote that there had once been a lower church, level with the street. In places there are signs of Roman brickwork. Plans for the restoration of the tower and steeple are also to be put into operation soon. Under the Master Plan for the reorganisation of London's City churches, St. Mary-le-Bow will retain its status as a parish church.

LOOKING DOWN INTO THE SHELL OF THE RUINED CHURCH OF ST. MARY-LE-BOW IN THE CITY OF LONDON: This view was taken from the 221-ft.-high tower shortly after the south aisle had been cleared in preparation for rebuilding the crypt as an undercroft chapel. This will accommodate a small congregation until the final restoration of the church. St. Mary-le-Bow Church, in Cheapside, was destroyed by bombs during the war.

On left—

CONSIDERED TO BE ONE OF WREN'S MOST BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS: Looking up towards the celebrated weather-vane in the form of a dragon, which surmounts the spire of the tower. Built of Portland stone, the tower is just a few inches shorter than the spire of St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street—the tallest in the City. At the moment St. Mary's tower is 13 ins. out of the vertical.

On right—

AT WORK IN THE CRYPT: A craftsman is seen making preparations for the undercroft chapel. This will probably be opened for worship in about a year's time.

FOURTEEN YEARS AFTER ITS DESTRUCTION BY BOMBS: *Left*—Workmen clearing away the last debris from the interior, and, *on right*, another view from the tower. The cost of the entire restoration of the church is expected to be £200,000. An appeal for £50,000 towards the cost was made by Sir Rupert De la Bère shortly before he relinquished the office of Lord Mayor. Until the church is restored, services will continue in the vestry, which was adapted for use after the bombing.

AN ELEPHANT MOTHER AND CHILD ON THE WANKIE GAME RESERVE, IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA: A variety of animals is found in this area near the border of So Rhodesia and Bechuanaland. It lies thirty miles south of Victoria Falls. Wankie was established under the National Park Act by the Southern Rh Parliament in 1949. It has over 2,000 elephants. Normally they go to the drinking pool, on the left, at night. But the camera caught this cow and calf during th

HUNTING WITH A CAMERA

The Wankie Game Reserve, in Southern Rhodesia, Contains many Species of Animals which Provide Fine Sport for the Hunter with a Camera

"THE CLOWNS OF THE VELD": Warthogs have earned this nickname because of their grotesque appearance, with heavy, ugly faces, curving white tusks and streaming whiskers. They are common all over Africa. They feed and move by daylight and are dangerous opponents if cornered. When trotting at speed warthogs raise their whiplike tails vertically.

The Wankie Game Reserve consists of 5,000 square miles in Southern Rhodesia not far from the border with Bechuanaland and about thirty miles south of the Victoria Falls Zambesi River. It is one of the reserves estab six years ago by the Southern Rhodesian Parli under its National Park Act.

The public, in motor-cars, can enter for a fee and drive where they will. But those pro to make a tour must first consult the w Mr. E. Davison, whose reputation for kno of wild animals extends far outside Rhodesia. hunter on foot who goes with a camera himself presented with a wide variety of from dangerous lions, crocodiles and buffalo meek bucks and nearly human apes. But to any subject, he must exercise great patience must sit still—quiet and unseen. Probably h choose a water-hole for his operations. But many animals are nocturnal drinkers, he pass the daylight hours in comparative sc Yet even in such restful surroundings, the thologist finds much of interest. For in the and overhead are many species of birds, s waxbills, finches and those loyal citizens o Union Jack, starlings.

Among the most popular animals with visitor giraffes. This may be due to the fact that of their behaviour they can be seen disproving proverbial reputation for being stiff-necked. they bend down to drink they perform hum antics. Also their camouflage colouring ma possible for them to appear suddenly in the having remained unnoticed among the near-by and trees.

Comic turns are the warthogs. They are kno " the clowns of the veld," the reputation being from their bizarre appearance of ugly face, wi and tusks. Care should be taken in approa them, for they can be extremely dangerous.

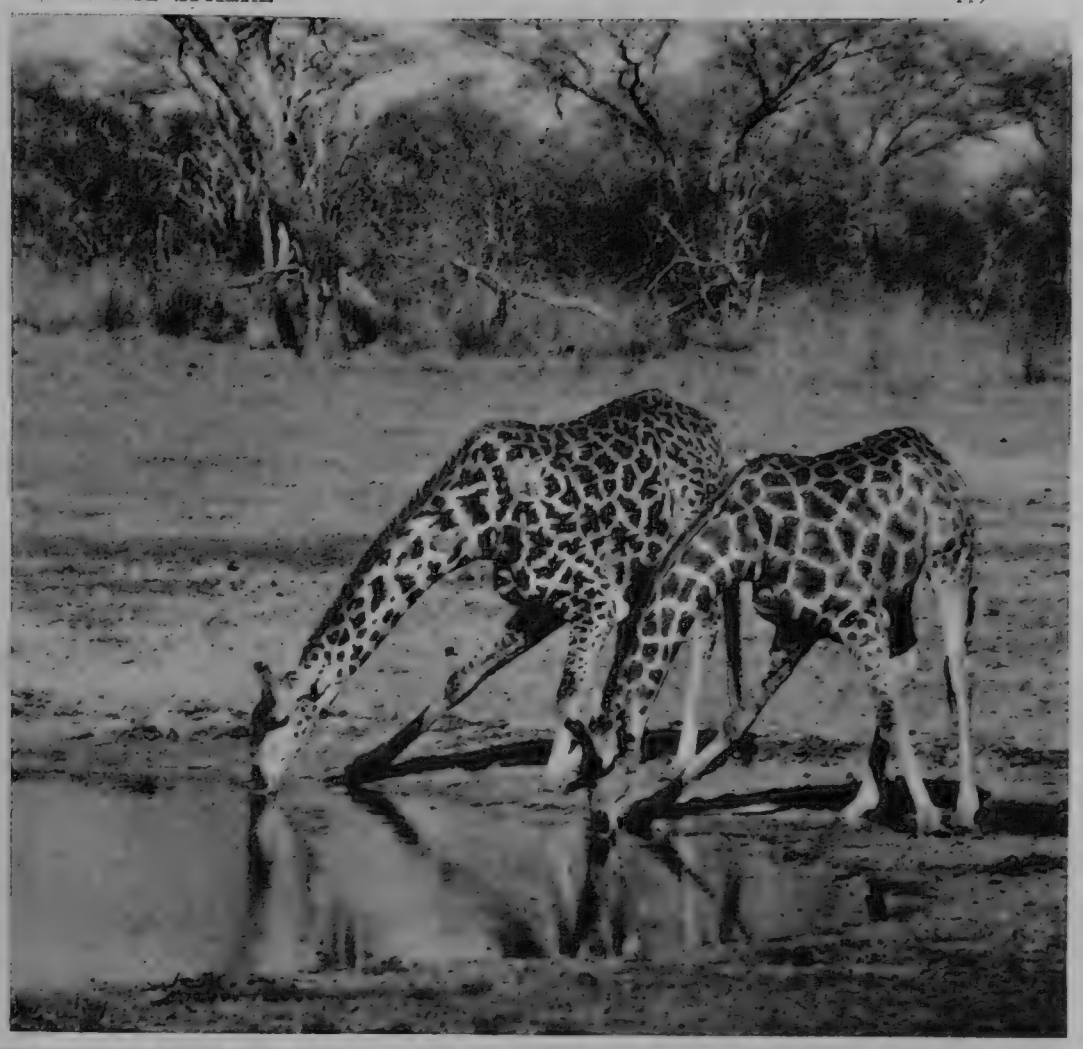
Naturally, another source of laughter is baboons. Families of these near ancestors of *Ho sapientes* frequent the trees and high rocks. The bold and inquisitive and seem well able to take of themselves. One of their most noticeable in the Wankie Reserve is their association wit Impala buck. These deer run in herds of up hundred. For some inexplicable reason baboon often with them. The apes act as their herdsme play games with them.

Kudu and waterbuck are among others o antelope species which roam in the Reserve. their natural enemies are also there—lions and savage beasts. One of the ambitions of hunting p graphers is to take a picture of a lion or lioness kill. The speed with which they attack their and administer the *coup de grâce* is devastating is all over in a few seconds.

A description of such an incident has recently given by a visitor who spent a day in a "hide" to a drinking pool. A small crocodile had crawled a clay bank and stretched itself out. A plover alig on it and began pecking its tail. A party of g

CROCODILE BASKS IN THE SUN : In spite of its apparent immobility lying at the water's edge, this reptile has excellent sight and hearing. It is extremely difficult to approach. Crocodiles probably kill more humans in Africa than any other animal.

BUCK POSES UNAWARES : A picture of an adult kudu. The male is differentiated from the female by its long, spiral horns. Its mate is hornless. The kudu is one of the larger species of antelope.



GIRAFFES ARE NOT ALWAYS STIFF-NECKED : Here they are drinking from one of the pools in the Reserve. The proverbially proud giraffe is a great favourite among the visitors to Wankie, especially when it deigns to drink. But it is an animal often attacked by lions. It will be noticed that this bull and cow have the scars of lion claws on their shoulders.

On left—

A BABOON WITH HIS FLOCK : The ape is watching a group of Impala ewes at a water-hole. Impala are among the most graceful of African buck. Usually they run in herds of up to a hundred. They seem to have some natural affinity with baboons, for they are often seen playing games together.

Below—

CANTANKEROUS OLD BEASTS : Visitors to the Game Reserve are warned about the reputation of elderly buffaloes. Old bulls are uncertain in temper and should be treated warily. They are afraid of nothing, and even lions give them a wide berth.

rived to refresh themselves, with noisy tick birds nning up and down their flanks. They were joined some kudu cows and calves.

Suddenly there was a shattering roar. A lioness pt from behind them. Crocodile, giraffes, birds and du were all gone in an instant. Except for one du calf. Rapidly the lioness lifted the limp body o her jaws and began dragging it away.

Other dangers to the unwary lie in the crocodiles d in the buffaloes. The crocodile, basking in a pool the sun, may appear somnolent and harmless. But s reptile has exceptional sight and hearing. It is remely hard to approach with safety. It is estimated t crocodiles kill more human beings in Africa than y other animals.

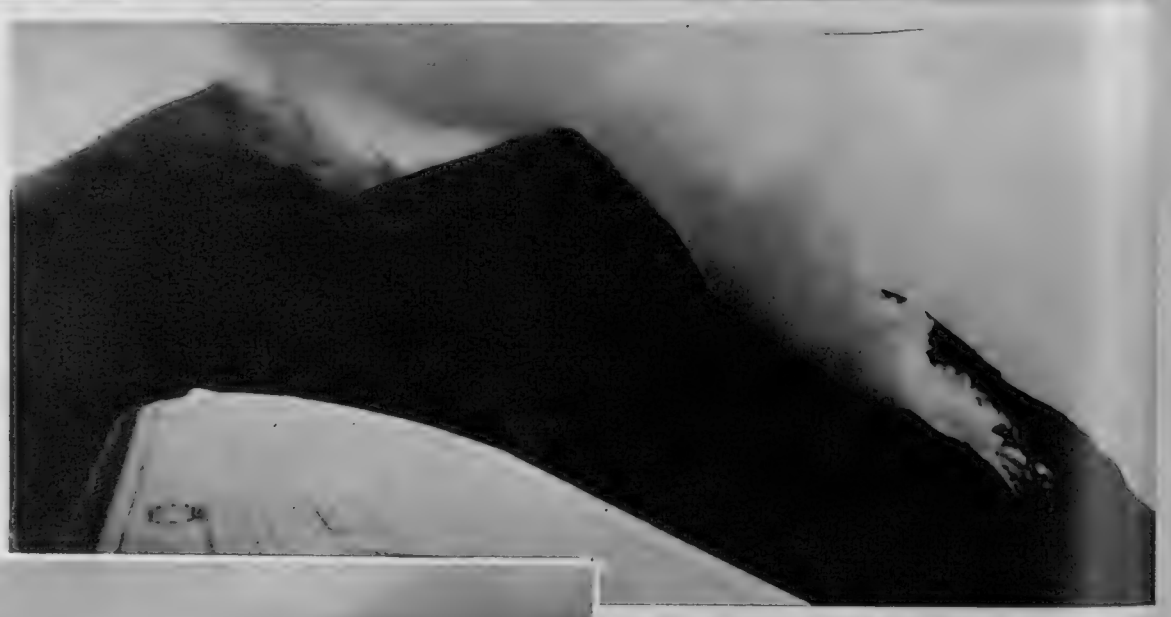
Senile buffaloes have the uncertain tempers of erly gentlemen in London clubs. They should be ated warily and with great respect. Zoologists ve observed that they seem to be afraid of nothing. en lions and others of the greater carnivores keep ay from them.

But the hazards and dangers do not deter the nter with a camera. For here is an area in which never lacks a subject—for instance, to take one cies, there are over 2,000 elephants. As long as photographer keeps still, and his nerve, he is sure a reward.

SMOKE BILLOWS FROM THE ROOF OF THE SMOULDERING ISLAND : An aerial view of the island of Stromboli, whose volcano erupted three times in 1954, the last time right at the end of the year. The small population inhabiting the island remained calm. Twenty miles away, on the island of Salina, earthquake tremors were felt at the same time, and 1,000 people were evacuated by coastguard launches. The eruption was spectacular, with the hot stream of lava plunging down the mountain and disappearing into the sea in a haze of steam.

ERUPTION ON STROMBOLI

Smoke Pours from the Top of the Mountain and Lava Flows Down Its Sides as the Mediterranean Volcano Erupts in Unusually Spectacular Style



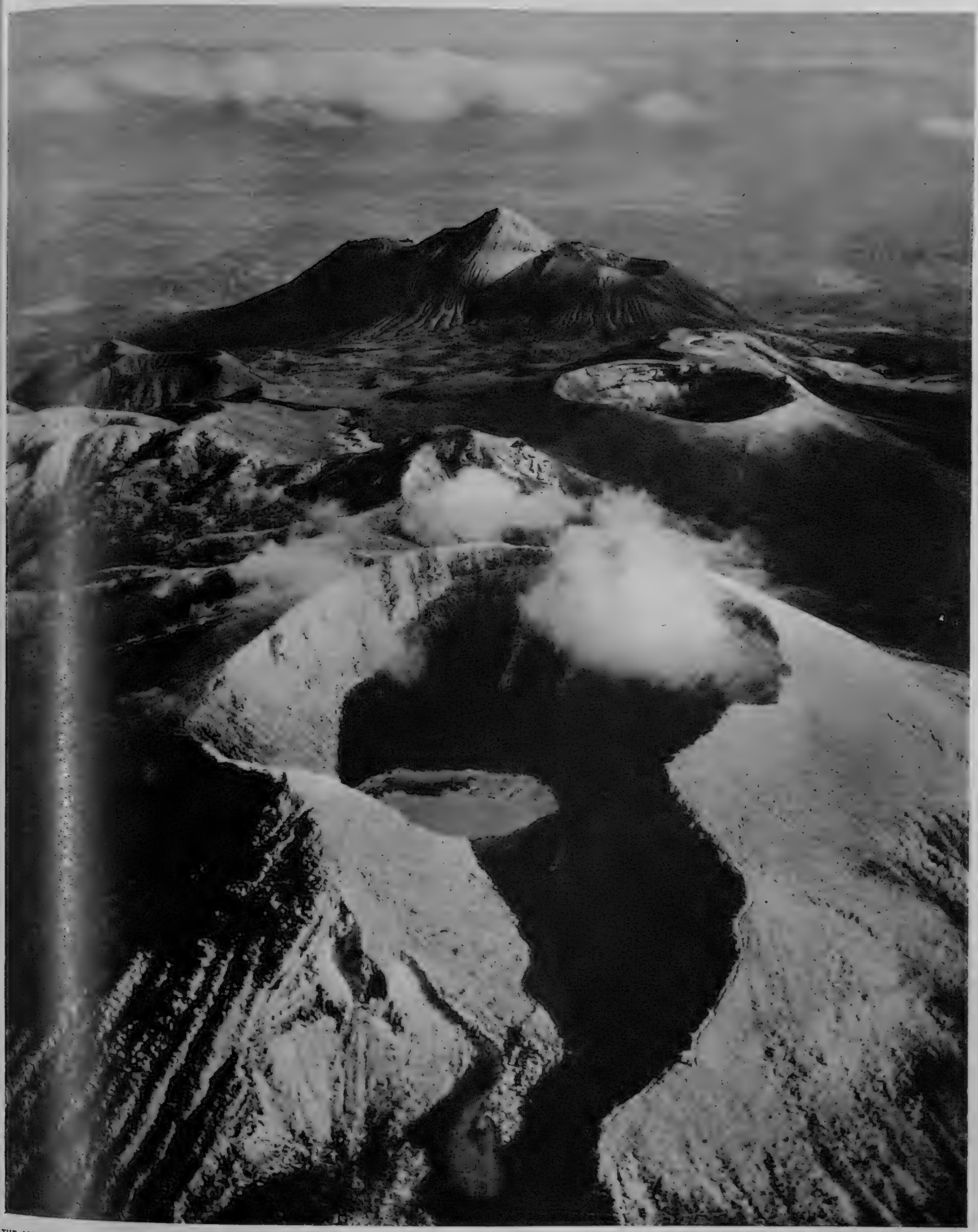
THE LAVA CASCADES DOWN THE SIDES OF THE VOLCANO : In a cloud of smoke the lava is seen streaming down the normal channels. The danger to the population arises if the lava takes an unexpected course.

The two volcanoes Stromboli and Etna saw the old year out with a bang. Both chose to erupt a few days after Christmas, Mount Etna for the first time since 1950. The eruption on the island of Stromboli, the more spectacular one, was the third in a year. Clouds billowed from the top of the 3,040-ft. cone-like mountain, and hot lava cascaded down the mountainside into the sea. The population, by now used to these occurrences, took the eruption calmly, though their boats were ready in case an emergency evacuation was indicated. Their greatest danger came from the fiery ashes which rumbled down on the villages below and threatened to set fire to the buildings. Stromboli is a continually active volcano, standing on the north-eastern corner of the Lipari Islands. The bulk of the population of these islands has by now emigrated, many to the United States.

At the same time as the eruption on Stromboli, earthquake shocks were felt on the Island of Salina, only twenty miles away; 1,000 of the population of 1,700 were evacuated by coastguard launches and fishing-vessels; and some damage was caused to houses on the island. Further east, in the Northern Peloponnese, earthquakes shook the Greek islands for more than a week, and 500 people were rendered homeless when their houses collapsed.

On left—

THE RAGING INFERNO WHICH CAUSED LITTLE DAMAGE : A closer view of the eruption of Stromboli near the top of the volcano. The incandescent ashes which fly down from the mountain constitute the greatest danger to the villagers on the island.



THE MAJESTIC PEAK OF MOUNT TAKACHIHO DOMINATES THE VOLCANIC RANGE WITH ITS GAPING CRATERS: Sulphurous steam is seen rising from one of the great craters of the Kirishima range in Kyushu, the southernmost island of Japan. Rising proudly beyond is the conical peak of Mount Takachiho, 5,195 ft. high. Here legend has it that the Sun Goddess came down, and here her descendant Jimmu was born. He moved northwards and became the first Emperor of Japan 2,615 years ago.

WHERE JAPAN'S HISTORY BEGAN

The Chain of Active Volcanoes in Southern Kyushu Leading Up to Mount Takachiho, on which the Legendary Sun Goddess Descended

Running down the island of Kyushu is a long chain of mountains, many of them active volcanoes. It is in the southernmost corner of the island that the Kirishima range, consisting of twenty-three peaks, is located. The two chief mountains are Karakuni in the west and Takachiho in the east. Both stand in what is now the Kirishima National Park, which extends over 53,000 acres. Dominated by huge volcanic craters, the park contains lakes and primeval forests, rare plants and flowers, and an abundance of the most colourful azaleas in the summer.

It is Takachiho, however, which is the object of most visitors to this end of Japan. For this mountain, with its beautiful peak, holds a special place in Japanese history. The legend goes that the Sun Goddess descended on the mountain, and that her descendant was born and lived there. This was Jimmu Tenno, who in about 660 B.C. moved northwards to Honshu, and became the first sovereign of Japan.

The great mountain is consequently the object of pilgrimages from far and wide. On the route to the summit is the Sanu Shrine, where Jimmu is said to have been born. Further up, near the summit, there is a great active crater. There is a narrow path to the crater wall which is not much more than 2 ft. wide, and some pilgrims prefer to crawl along it rather than walk. The detonations resounding in the depths of the volcano are awe-inspiring as the crater belches forth its sulphurous steam above the clouds.

WINTER IN WESTMORLAND—EVEN THE BARENESS OF WINTER CANNOT DETRACT FROM THE BEAUTY OF THE LAKE DISTRICT: This picture, taken in the Langdale Valley, s in the background the famous Pikes. There is no dearth of tourists to the Lake District in the winter. Langdale is the westernmost of the three valleys which ra from the head of Windermere, although the lake itself does not feature prominently in the scenery. Much of this district is described in Wordsworth's "The Excurs

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

NEWS PICTURES AN VIEWS FROM LONDO AND THE LAKE DISTR

On left—

STEELWORKS AT THE SCIE MUSEUM IN LONDON: These men are working on a large-s model of a steelworks which is t exhibited for twelve months at t Science Museum in South Ken ton. This model, which was shown at the Ideal Homes E bition in 1949, has been taken of storage and loaned to museum by the Iron and S Federation. The model steelw contains more than half-a-m of miniature railway track, equivalent of ten miles of ra 1,500 pieces of rolling st thirty locomotives, and 3,000 y of electric wire. The construc of the model occupied tw men for ten months and the assembly is taking over three wee

TER-SKI-ING IN THE SNOW : Mr. Sandy Radclyffe, a water-ski-ing enthusiast, is seen practising the sport on the River Thames by the Houses of Parliament. Mr. Radclyffe carried out the ski-ing for a bet and on the next day gave a repeat performance for a film company.

CHILDREN LEARN ABOUT ARCHITECTURE : Mr. Basil Spence, the architect, is seen at the Royal Institute of British Architects, in London, with a model of his design for Coventry Cathedral. He was giving a lecture to schoolchildren on the Coventry project. This was one of the many talks arranged by different institutions during the Christmas holidays.

TURES AT REGENT'S PARK ZOO : Mr. L. C. Bushey, the Curator of Insects, is seen explaining the Robber Crab to four interested youngsters. From left to right are : Anne Grimshaw, David Sebire, Douglas Mackay, and Jennifer Grimshaw. This picture was taken during one of the lectures which have been arranged for the children of Fellows of the Royal Zoological Society.

MISSIONARY NUNS LEAVE FOR THE GOLD COAST : These three nuns are of the congregation of Sisters of St. Anne, and are soon to take up positions as nurses in the Damongo Hospital at Tamale. From left to right the nuns are : Sister M. Raphael Bookey, from County Wexford ; Sister M. Peter Sculley, from Cork ; and Sister M. John Kinane, from Tipperary. With them is Father Augustine Hasken, of the White Fathers. He is returning to the Gold Coast after a short vacation.

EXHIBITION OF ENGRAVED GLASS IN LONDON : Some of the pieces which are being shown at the Crafts Centre of Great Britain in Hay Hill. The exhibition will remain open until February 12. *On left*—A pair of champagne goblets, by David Peace. *Centre*—A dish with a design of St. George of England, by Anthony Pope. *Right*—A tankard, by Ernest Dinkel. The exhibition also includes examples of bookbinding, wood-engraving and calligraphy, and many of the articles shown can be bought or ordered. The Crafts Centre is a non-profit-making body, which aims at bringing the work of the designers and craftsmen of Britain to the notice of the general public.

THE JANUARY SALES IN LONDON

Women from Many Parts of the Country Queued All Night for the Opening of the Annual Hunt for Bargains

BARGAIN HUNTERS: Nearly 2,000 people had queued outside this store for it to open on the first day of the January sales. Here early shoppers are examining some of the bargains.

THE SALES ARE AN OCCASION FOR WOMEN: There are few men in this London store. Prices may be reduced 50 per cent. or more, and the earliest shoppers claim the best bargains.

THE ANXIOUS SEARCH: The shoppers sort out the items, seeking for the best. Among the first to enter this shop was a woman who had waited outside for nearly twenty-four hours. She and her husband had taken turns in keeping her place in the queue. She achieved her purpose of buying a fur coat. Many other shoppers had queued all night. The January sales in London attract women from far outside the metropolis. It is not easy for those unfamiliar with this aspect of British life to appreciate its importance. To obtain a really good bargain requires a test of endurance, to which even sport-lovers and theatregoers rarely submit themselves. And then when patience has been rewarded and the doors are open on the first day, the skill of a general may be required in manœuvring to one's object and attaining it.

On left—

"IS THIS RIGHT FOR ME?": It is a question which many of the hunters are asking as they handle these coats and try them on. The serious bargain-seeker sets out with the intention of buying some particular article or articles. A fourteen-year-old girl from Tidworth, near Salisbury, bought her first evening gown in this store. It was a white organza frock reduced from £3 19s. 11d. to £1.

A UNIQUE TYPE OF JET-PROPELLED FLYING-BOAT EMERGES FROM ITS HANGAR FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE UNITED STATES: The XP6M-1 Seamaster is seen being towed into public view at the Glenn L. Martin works at Baltimore. The Seamaster, powered by four Allison J-17 jet engines, has been designed for minelaying and photo-reconnaissance.

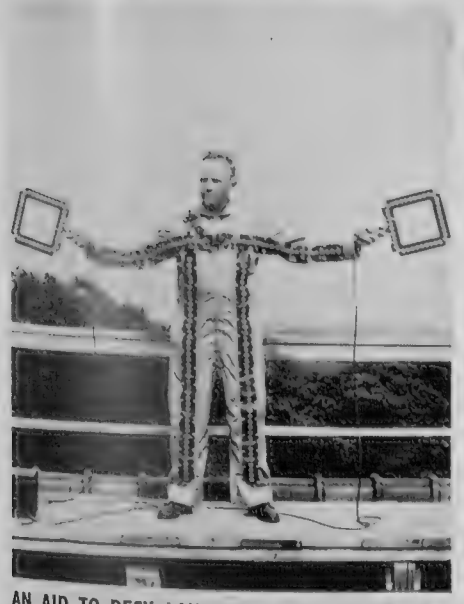
THE SEAMASTER MAKES ITS DEBUT

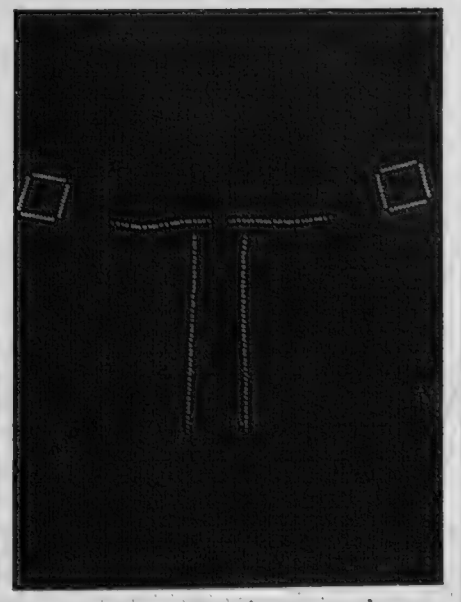
A Unique Twin-jet Flying-boat is Shown to the Public for the First Time; and a New Deck-landing Aid

Seaplanes have always presented peculiar problems to aircraft designers, and jet propulsion has added to the difficulties. The Martin Seamaster has the distinction of being the first four-engined aircraft of this type in the Western world. Last year, a Russian aircraft of this type was said to be in existence, but no proof has yet been published. The novel layout of the Seamaster indicates some of the problems which had to be overcome by designers. The engines had to be kept well clear of the water and have been placed on top of the wing. The tail plane too, had to be kept clear of the water and also well away from the turbulent gases thrown out by the engines.

The contract for the XP6M-1 was awarded by the U.S. Navy to the Martin Company as the result of a design competition. A watertight rotary mine door is being fitted to the hull, and this can be used for minelaying, or for projecting a camera for reconnaissance. The normal cruising height of the Seamaster is 40,000 ft., and it will fly at over 600 m.p.h. Its payload is 30,000 lbs. and the makers say that the plane could be refuelled and rearmed at sea from a submarine. The first flight should be made in the spring. No other details have been released. The advocates of seaplanes for passenger service will view the Seamaster with much interest.

THE VICIOUS NOSE OF THE SEAMASTER: Few details of this aircraft have been released, but its speed is said to be in excess of 600 miles per hour. It is now being put through a strenuous pre-flight test programme and the maiden flight will not be made until the spring.





AN AID TO DECK LANDINGS IN THE DARK: A United States Naval officer is seen wearing new equipment which is designed to help pilots land on an aircraft-carrier at night-time. Nearly 200 tiny lights are connected to the batsman's suit and paddles, and at night time these are illuminated. This replaces the older method of fluorescent stripes lit from the deck. *On the right* is the rather ghostly view seen by a pilot when landing.

THE DESIGNERS DO NOT INTEND THE TAIL TO GET WET: The tail assembly of the Seamaster is similar to that of the British Victor bomber. A transport version of this aircraft has been envisaged by the Glenn L. Martin Company.

TWO NEW BALLETS

Pictures from the Royal Opera House in London, of the Latest Works of Frederick Ashton for the Sadler's Wells Company

A BALLET PREMIERE AT COVENT GARDEN: One of the two ballets which had its first performance last week at the Royal Opera House in London was *Variations on a Theme of Purcell*. Benjamin Britten's setting of this music has been popular for some years. The choreography is by Frederick Ashton and the dancers are the Sadler's Wells Company. Elaine Fifield, the ballerina from Australia, has her first big role. She is seen here with the Corps de Ballet.

THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET ADDS TO ITS REPERTOIRE: A scene from Ashton's *Variations on a Theme of Purcell*. Alexander Grant is dancing with the Corps de Ballet of Sadler's Wells. The Royal Opera House season of ballet and opera continues until the end of next month.

THE BUST OF BOTH COMPOSERS: In this scene in the *Variations* it shows Britten. But earlier in the ballet the other side is to the front—with the head of Purcell. The principals below it are, from left, Elaine Fifield, Nadia Nerina and Rowena Jackson, with Alexander Grant.

ANOTHER BALLET IS SEEN FOR THE FIRST TIME: *Rinaldo and Armida* shared the premiere with the *Variations*. *Rinaldo* is also the work of Ashton, with music by Malcolm Arnold. The dancers here are Rinaldo (Michael Somes), Armida (Svetlana Beriosova) and Sibilla (Julia Farron).

On left—

WARRIOR AND ENCHANTRESS: Michael Somes, as Rinaldo, the warrior, lies at the feet of Svetlana Beriosova, who dances the part of the enchantress in the second of the new Ashton ballets. *Rinaldo and Armida* is for four dancers. It tells the story, immortalised by Tasso, of the sorceress who must not fall in love. She disobeys and dies.

On right—

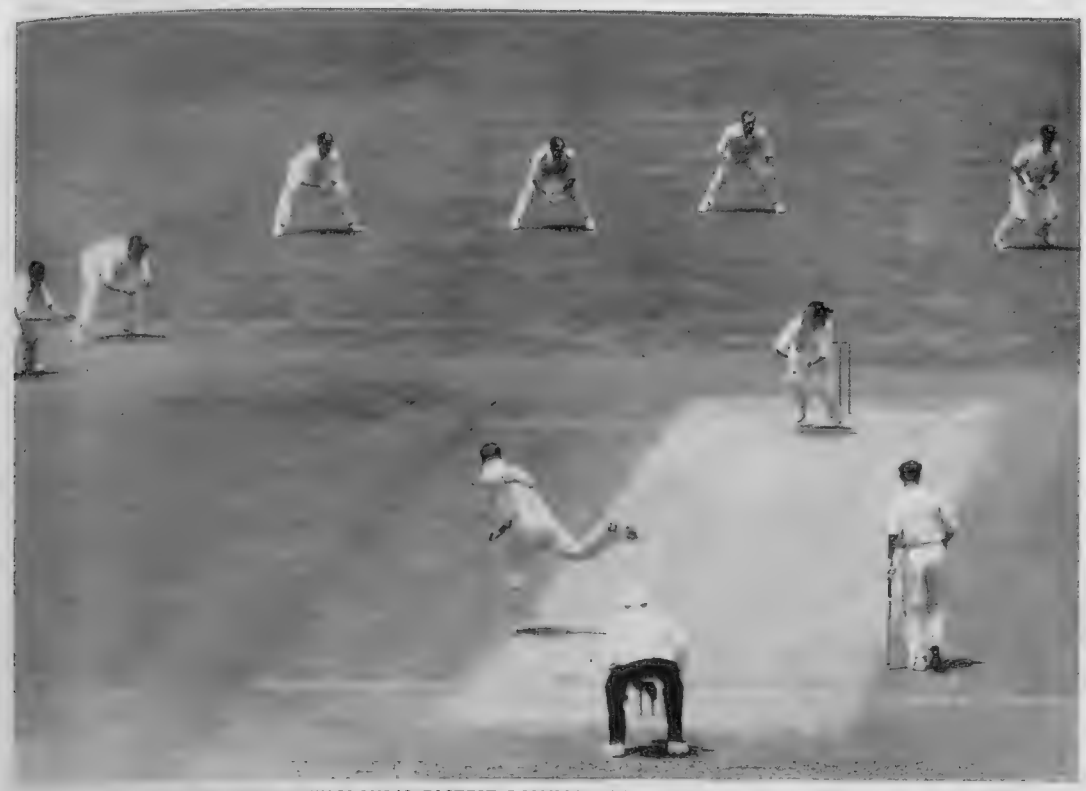
THE BEWITCHED SORCERESS: Armida (Svetlana Beriosova) surrenders herself to the arms of Rinaldo (Michael Somes), and so signs her death warrant. The scene is a magic garden with sets designed by Peter Rice. Besides the two new ballets, the Sadler's Wells Company is giving many old favourites during the next six weeks at Covent Garden. Programmes include *Giselle*, *Lac des Cygnes* and *The Firebird*.

ENGLAND ONE UP

An Astonishing Victory Over Australia in the Third Test Match at Melbourne, when Eight Wickets Fell for 36 Runs, Puts England Ahead in the Series

England beat Australia in the third Test Match at Melbourne by 128 runs, and now lead by two matches to one in the series. On the fifth day Australia, with eight wickets in hand, required 165 runs to win, and on what was expected to be an easing wicket the odds were slightly against England. Within eighty minutes, however, the last Australian was back in the pavilion : the eight wickets had fallen for 36. It was the fast bowling of Tyson, who on that morning took six wickets for 16, and Statham (two for 19), which completely devastated the Australian batting. They were backed up by a magnificent display behind the stumps by Evans, and by some very hostile fielding from the rest of the English team. The wicket was liable to play tricks, but it was still hard, and it was rather the sheer speed of the English bowlers which demoralised the Australian batsmen.

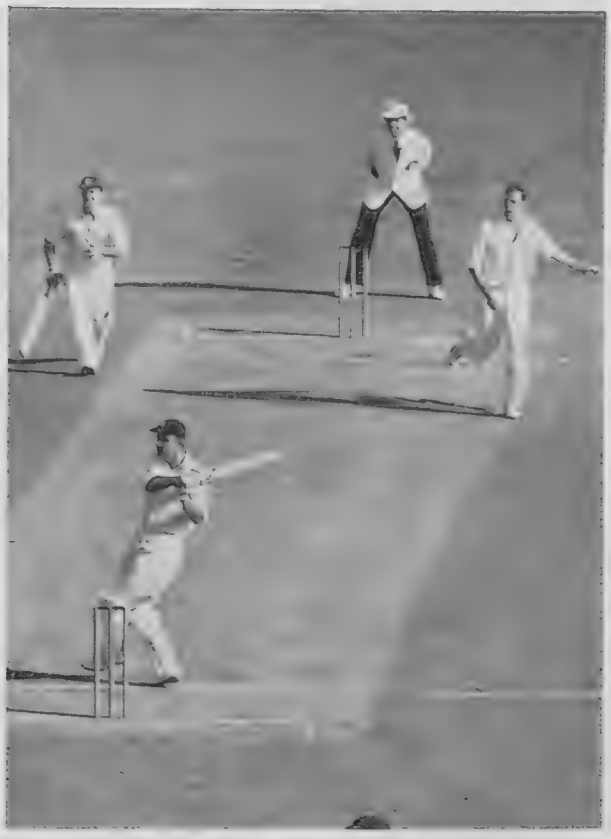
The astonishing collapse on the last morning tended to overshadow the constantly fluctuating play of the first four days. First, England's batsmen once again showed their frailty, but great pleasure was given by Cowdrey's first century in a Test match. Going in when two wickets had fallen for 21, he was not out until another 160 runs had been added and his score had risen to 102. Australia fared little better, and only 80 runs from the last two wickets enabled them to gain a lead of 40. England's second innings total of 279 was largely due to a fine innings from May, who made 91, and some bright batting from Wardle and Evans. There was little to indicate their great collapse at the beginning of the Australians' second innings, but the final result was emphatic enough, and must have been a great tonic to England's cricketers.



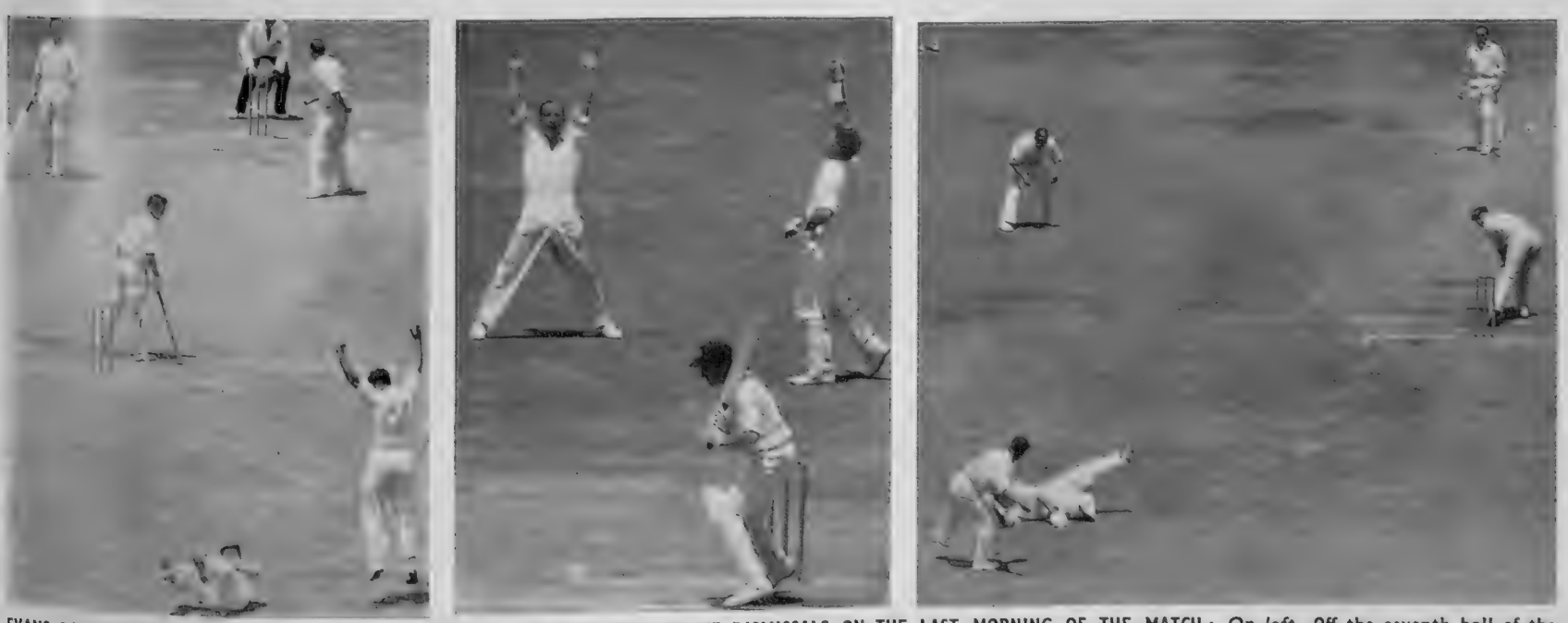
A CLOSE ATTACKING FIELD FOR ENGLAND'S FASTEST BOWLER : The Australian opening batsman, Favell, is seen turning a ball from Tyson to leg in Australia's first innings. Tyson was given an attacking field, with three slips and two gullies on the offside. The English fieldsmen are, from left, Bailey, Wilson (fielding substitute for Compton), Hutton, May, Edrich and Evans. The Test match at Melbourne proved to be a triumph for England's young fast bowlers, Tyson and Statham. Between them they took sixteen wickets.

THE DECISIVE CATCH THAT WAS ALMOST DROPPED : The ball is seen between Hutton, right, and Edrich. Miller had touched a ball from Tyson, seen following through, to Hutton at second slip ; he stopped the ball and knocked it up for Edrich to take the catch.

THE DESTROYER OF AUSTRALIA'S SECOND INNINGS : Tyson, the Lancashire-born fast bowler who plays for Northamptonshire, seen in action in Australia's second innings, when he took seven wickets for 27 in 87 balls in the last innings of the match.



COWDREY SCORES HIS FIRST TEST CENTURY : The young Oxford and Kent amateur seen pulling a delivery from Archer to leg, while Evans calls for a run. Cowdrey scored 102 out of 191 in England's first innings. He is twenty-two and was playing in only his third Test match.



EVANS DISPLAYS HIS OLD BRILLIANCE BEHIND THE STUMPS TO ASSIST IN THREE DISMISSALS ON THE LAST MORNING OF THE MATCH : *On left*—Off the seventh ball of the morning Evans took this remarkable tumbling catch after Harvey had tried to glide Tyson down to leg. He jumped a yard to his right to hug the ball as he fell over. Statham is seen jumping in the air with delight. *Centre*—Hole touches a ball from Statham to Evans, and Edrich assists in the vociferous appeal. *On right*—The end of it all. Evans again takes a great catch off the bowling of Tyson, this time to dismiss Johnston and finish the Australian innings and win the third Test.

The Sphere of Travel

VISITING NORTHERN GREECE

A Brief Account of Some Interesting Places, Including Mount Athos, in Macedonia, which Merit the Attention of the Inquiring Traveller

By GORDON COOPER

SALONIKA, second largest city in Greece, is seldom included in the itineraries of those visiting this Mediterranean land. This is a pity, for not only does the Macedonian capital contain many important Byzantine monuments, especially its churches, which rank second only in artistic appeal to those in Istanbul and Ravenna, but it is also a convenient centre from which some particularly interesting excursions can be made : to Mount Athos, for example.

The Athos peninsula, lying about 110 miles south-east of Salonika, is 40 miles long and about 4 miles wide. At its northern neck, where it joins the mainland, Xerxes cut a canal, 2,400 years ago, to shorten the sea voyage for his returning armada ; and the remains of this canal can still be seen. The southern extremity of the peninsula forms a vast rocky pyramid, towering up to 7,000 ft., with precipitous marble slopes plunging into the deep Ægean Sea.

Here in this remote corner of Europe is an autonomous monastic republic, under Greek sovereignty, consisting of some twenty communities, who offer a refuge from the normal responsibilities of life ; and for those who are willing to accept medieval rule and discipline there is complete retirement into an existence based on meditation. Here, too, for about a thousand years no woman or female animal has legally been permitted to set foot, the only exceptions being a few licensed hens, although during a recent visit I am quite sure that some of the monastic cats were not of the male sex.

I made the journey from Salonika to the " Holy Mountain " by sea on a *caique*, a primitive form of transportation. We called at various small ports on the way, the trip taking twenty-four hours, while the passage-money was only 10s. A better approach is overland : motor-bus to Ierisos (eighty miles in eight hours), thence by coastal motor-launch to Iviron. Before you can enter Athos you must, however, obtain a special permit from the Greek Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Athens, or from the representative of the Holy Synod in Salonika, and this has to be presented on arrival to the proper authorities in Karyes, the capital, where the visitor is then given a special document which entitles him to enter the various monasteries and to obtain free hospitality in them.

Landing at Daphne, the only port on Athos, I spent my first night in a most primitive inn, setting out early next morning to climb along a mule-track to Karyes. It is often possible to hire a mule for this three-hour journey, but I was unlucky in this respect. Still, I was rewarded by being able to admire at leisure the wondrous beauty of the scene ; for the almost complete absence of grazing animals has preserved the vegetation.

In spring, the time of my visit, the hillsides were dotted with masses of pale- and deep-pink flowers of the Judas tree, interspersed among the grey-green foliage of the wild olives. The general colouring of the countryside was a deeper green, with here and there patches of scarlet or golden-bronze, due to the young shoots of the Chermes oak, which is the dominant shrub. Here and there were scattered patches of brighter yellow-green, crowned with the white flowers of the manna ash, while nearer the monasteries there were often to be seen the tall, dark-green cypress trees.

There is, however, a grievous tragedy taking place on Athos : the cutting down of the trees. Before long the land will be denuded and erosion will take its toll, turning one of the loveliest of natural gardens into desert. This cutting-down of the trees has been brought about by the need of funds for the monasteries, whose previous sources of income have more or less vanished. But, surely, some steps could be taken that would stop this destruction of the countryside.

The main interest of Athos lies, of course, in its monasteries and the manner of life of the monks. From the moment you set foot on the peninsula you are immediately flung back into medieval conditions. The true traveller, a *rara avis* to-day, will, however, sensibly accept the lack of the trimmings of our modern civilisation. I know that the kindness I received almost everywhere, is perhaps my greatest safeguard against anything like malicious criticism, which is frequently expressed by those who go there with prejudices and inability to adapt themselves to a form of life which sometimes appears to be an anachronism.

Generally speaking, the domestic buildings of the monasteries are of no great age, for only a small proportion ante-date the Cretan War (1645–69). The rest, if not quite modern, i.e., subsequent to the Greek Revolution, date from the prosperous period from about 1750 to the Revolution (1820), during which time the modern Greece was growing steadily in intellectual, political and commercial importance. The primitive kitchen arrangements have been largely responsible for the numerous fires which have again and again destroyed whole monasteries, sparing usually only the church, which stands free in the court.

Except in one monastery (Vatopedi), the Justinian calendar is still in force ; each monastery, too, has its own time, sometimes several hours different from that of the local standard time. Generally speaking, the monastic day begins at midnight with a service which continues till dawn. Then comes a meal and a period of rest, most monasteries showing few signs of life between ten and four o'clock, when there is another two-hour service, followed by a second meal.

It is, indeed, not the slightest use going to Athos just to see the sights there in a hurry. You must absorb the life there, and that cannot be done in a few days. On my own pioneer visit there I made many mistakes, such as trying to see too much. One wants to be selective in the monasteries chosen for inspection, and especially for those in which one lodges. I would certainly take with me on my next visit a Li-lo mattress, for the monastic beds are extremely hard. A small, s stove is essential, too, for some of the meals are palatable. But the most important baggage is perament that does not get upset at petty iri while the company of a competent Greek-speaki can make a world of difference to the appreci the monastic life and an interpretation of treasures which exist there in such profusion.

From Daphne there is a once-weekly *caique* with Kavala, not far from which i Philip II, the father of Alexander the G important Roman colony, and there are st interesting remains to be seen.

From Kavala the island of Thasos is reached hours. It is one of the most delightfu Greece, being well-wooded and full of wate trees. There is an adequate hotel. Even more a is the island of Samothrace.

To the west of Salonika there are two outstanding interest : Kastoria, reached by Florina, and Kozani, linked also by bus with and Verria, all three stations being on the main line. Kastoria, which has more remains of Byza than any town in Macedonia except Salonika, is a narrow peninsula which penetrates into a pict lake, while Kozani lies 2,200 ft. above sea-leve wonderful mountain setting, with Mount Olym south-east. Altogether a few days could be pr spent exploring this portion of Western Mace

The only travel agent who is well informed this part of Greece, which is off the beate for the usual conducted tour, is Oceanways 23, Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

ONE OF THE MOST SPECTACULAR OF THE TWENTY MONASTERIES ON MOUNT A Simonos Petras, which has wooden galleries instead of corridors, was founded The building has been repeatedly burnt and repaired, and the present edifice dates

THE GIRALDA TOWER OF SEVILLE'S CATHEDRAL : This once formed part of the old mosque, while the cathedral itself dates from the turn of the fifteenth century.

HOLY WEEK IN SPAIN

The Holy Week ceremonies in Spain (this year from April 3-10) are often regarded as having a unique character because they are deep-rooted in local tradition. The most famous of these festivals is that in Seville, where for a whole week Andalusian religious emotions run riot. The crowds, indeed, seem to be celebrating rather than mourning, and northern visitors may possibly be rather shocked by the vivacity of the scene. Anyone allergic to noise should certainly keep away, for throughout the nights bands blare and there is a constant din from the huge crowds. Yet, even with these strange distractions, one cannot but be moved by the weird and apparently endless processions of hooded penitents, and especially by the *Saetas* (unaccompanied songs performed in a traditional manner by a solo singer), whose melodies are plaintive and haunting.

The most inspiring spectacle is the " Gran Poder " procession, which leaves the parish church of San Lorenzo at 2 a.m. on Good Friday. Shortly before the hour all lights are extinguished. Then, as the clock strikes two, the doors are opened and grim, black-clad figures emerge, two by two, with torches in their hands and high-pointed black cowls on their heads. For half-an-hour these hundreds of figures emerge, to be followed by a colossal *paso* (platform-image) of Christ bearing the Cross. The effect is marvellous, with the *paso* silhouetted against the torch-light as it lurches through the doorway of the church. More silent, black-robed figures bring up the rear.

It is not easy to get accommodation in Seville during Holy Week, a period when the local hotel-keepers are permitted to double their room charges and insist upon your making an eight-day booking, even though you may only be there a shorter But it 's worth it once in a lifetime. Malaga, Valladolid, and Cuenca are also particularly famed for their processions, which are usually of a more solemn character in these four towns the hotel charges are only increased 50 per cent. Notable, too, are the services held at the monasteries of Guadalupe, Escorial, Montserrat and the Pontifical University of Comillas in Santander.

SEVILLE DURING HOLY WEEK : A huge crucifix illuminated candlelight during the ceremonies in the most solemn of the Church's year. Some of the religious processions this particular week in Seville last for more than twelve

WESTERN MAJORCA

A Part of the Lovely Spanish Island in the Mediterranean, where there is Plenty to Explore and a Warm Sun in which to Laze on the Beaches

By J. ALLAN CASH

SS THE HARBOUR OF PALMA: Part of Torreno, a suburb of Majorca's capital, Palma. It is a pleasant residential area, with a number of hotels, and commands a magnificent view across the harbour to the city. Torreno can be easily reached from Palma by trams and buses. Beyond lies a coastline full of sandy bays fringed with pine-trees, ideal for bathing.

CLOISTERS O A PALMA CHURCH: Within the cloisters of th Francisco Church stands a beautiful garden, a popular resort of tourists. This is one of the fin churches on the island of Majorca.

THE MIRAMAR COASTLINE ALONG THE NORTH OF THE ISLAND: A view along the coast looking westwards from above Banalbufar. As can be seen, the northern coastline of Majorca is extremely precipitous and often densely wooded, with terracing on the hillsides wherever possible. A spectacular road runs along the Miramar coast 1,000 ft. and more above the sea, dropping down eventually in a series of hairpin bends to Soller and to the sea.

GREAT CATHEDRAL DOMINATES PALMA: A view of the capital from across the fishing harbour, with the largest Gothic church in Europe dwarfing all around it. The little fishing-boats are widely used and are painted a bright yellow, adding a splash of colour to the harbour.

Whether you fly to Majorca or go by sea, you are bound to land at Palma, the capital of this Spanish island. The best way is to take the overnight boat from Barcelona and arrive at Palma about seven o'clock in the morning. It is a wonderful experience, gliding slowly into this vast harbour with the early morning sunlight shining on the white buildings along the shore of the Bay.

Palma is a delightful place, with a personality all its own. The waterfront is pleasantly laid out, with palm-trees and flower-beds. Running down to the harbour is the Borne, a tree-shaded boulevard, with a narrow street on either side of a broad promenade. In the evenings and on Sunday mornings all the inhabitants of Palma seem to parade here, and a very gay scene it is. Narrow streets run off the Borne into the old city, a place of alleys, steps, arches and many quaint corners. Here are some of the best shops in Palma. But towering far above everything else is the imposing Cathedral, the largest Gothic church in Europe.

Palma is the starting-point for tours all over the island. The countryside is green and lush, not so dried up as many parts of the mainland. This is partly because there is plenty of water underground and irrigation is widespread. Windmills of various types are used extensively to raise the water and are a feature of the whole island.

If you are there in the very early spring you will be entranced with the almond-blossom everywhere. Later cherry, apple and pear blossom make a wonderful show, and you will often catch the heavy scent of orange-blossom. Lemons are grown in great numbers, and the whole island is covered with olive-trees, some of them over 1,000 years old. On walls and trellis-work bougainvillea drape their lovely red and purple flowers in profusion.

Along the coast westwards from Palma there are many small places to stay. Torreno, a suburb of Palma, is ideal, for it is reached by trams and buses from the town and commands a wonderful view across the harbour. Then follow a series of bays, often fringed with pine-trees, their perfect sandy shores ideal for bathing. Hotels and pensions can be found near many of them, but none of these bays is crowded. Puerto de Andraitx is a colourful little fishing port, the main town of Andraitx lying a few miles inland. This is often the case on Majorca and is a relic of the days of pirates and sea raiders. If the port was attacked, the town had some warning and could prepare to defend itself.

The roads on Majorca are good, most of the main routes being well surfaced and dust-free. There are excellent round trips of varying lengths, all starting from Palma. Luxury coaches ply everywhere and they will pick you up at your hotel. Or you can hire cars and make your own way. One superb drive is northwards to Valldemosa, where the main attraction is the monastery, converted into flats many years ago, where Chopin lived with the French writer George Sand, and the composer's piano can still be seen there. From there the drive continues along the Miramar coast on a spectacular road, 1,000 ft. above the sea, to Soller.

Majorca can supply you with every holiday need, whether you feel energetic or are just ready to laze in the sun on the seashore.

TWELFTH NIGHT IN THEATRELAND: The scene in the Green Room of the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane as Herbert Lom and Anne Martin, the principal players in *The King and I*, assist Austin Melford to cut the Baddeley Cake. Looking on are other members in the cast of the American musical. *On right*—The two principal characters, each holding a decorative rose from the cake, propose a joint toast during the ceremony. Cutting the Baddeley Cake at the Theatre Royal dates back to 1795. The ceremony derives from the will of Robert Baddeley, the eighteenth-century pastry-cook actor, who bequeathed a sum of £100 to provide a cake bearing his name which should be cut every Twelfth Night for Her Majesty's Company of Comedians—the correct title for any company appearing at the theatre. Punch is also supplied.

EPIPHANY AND TWELFTH NIGHT

In London there were Traditional Ceremonies in Church and at the Theatre

THE ANNUAL PROCESSION TO THE QUEEN'S CHAPEL ON THE FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY: Following the crucifer from St. James's Palace to the chapel at Marlborough Gate is the choir of the Chapel Royal, who sang at the service conducted by the sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, the Rev. Maurice Foxell. During the service the Queen's customary offering of gold, frankincense and myrrh was made by Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur Bromley and Rear-Admiral (S) F. Mack, Gentlemen Ushers to Her Majesty. The gifts, symbolic of those brought by the Three Wise Men to the infant Christ at the Manger in Bethlehem, have been presented each Epiphany by the Sovereign for nearly 800 years. The gold presented at the altar consisted of twenty-five sovereigns, but after the service they were replaced by Treasury notes and distributed to the poor.

DISTRIBUTING EPIPHANY GIFTS TO THE CHILDREN OF LONDON: In the foreground is the Rev. Prebendary Poulden and he is handing a present to a young boy during a ceremony at St. Paul's Cathedral. The gifts, given anonymously by passers-by, came from the Christmas-tree which stood by the Cathedral's West door throughout the Christmas season. Collection-boxes were also placed by the tree and the money collected was given to children's societies. In the background of this picture is Dr. Matthews, the Dean of St. Paul's.

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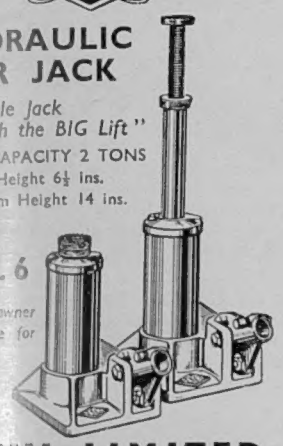

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

The CENTURY of the COMMON PEER

A Collection of Amusing Essays by Lord Kinross; "The Story of Albert Schweitzer"; Sir Mortimer Wheeler's "Still Digging"; And a Selection of Other New Publications for Winter Reading

HERE we are with the first month of the year on our hands, and here is Lord Kinross with a perfectly new kind of century on his, for his new book, a collection of essays, is called THE CENTURY OF THE COMMON PEER (Putnam. 9s. 6d.), and very amusing it is. The author will not mind my remarking that he is by no means the man of the century himself, since he is that far from common character, the peer who is also (and in this case has been for the past twenty years and more) a writer and newspaperman, and it is this experience in the professional handling of words that gives his book its smoothness and neatness of form.

Lord Kinross writes of such differing and engrossing matters as fashions in men's hairdressing (I had never realised before how complex a matter this was), a pride of parliamentarians at Spithead, the Earl Marshal (who is also the hereditary Chief Butler of England) at the Abbey, the business of Command Performances and the business of Mr. Butlin's holiday camps ("Baby crying in chalet L22 SW"). He is both humorous and good-humoured—a distinction *and* a difference—and these examples of his light and agreeable talent will help to lighten the gloom of many readers' January.

To mark the eightieth birthday of one of the world's great men, Miss Jo Manton has written THE STORY OF ALBERT SCHWEITZER (Methuen. 9s. 6d.). Although the primary intention of this lucid and dignified biography has been to explain the scientist, musician and humanitarian to young people, I think it should seriously be recommended to all those who know no more of Dr. Albert Schweitzer than that he has a hospital in Equatorial Africa for lepers, a home, visited occasionally, in Alsace, and that he is one of the world's greatest interpreters of the music of Bach. Some people may not even know as much about him as that, so for them Miss Manton's book will be even more valuable. And, after all, its deliberate simplicity of phrasing is extraordinarily appropriate when one reflects on the great simplicity of the man himself.

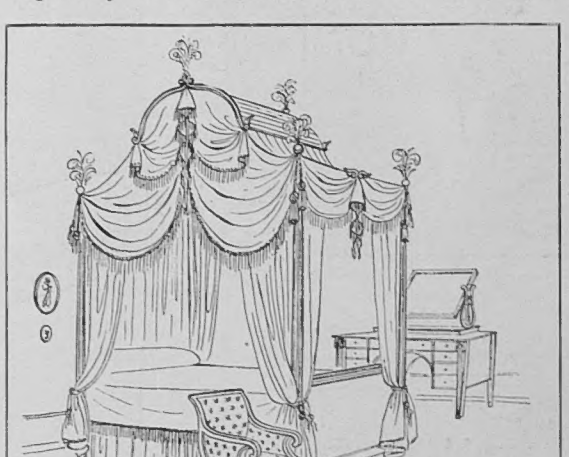
One of the minor but pleasant results of modern this and that, notably the invention of television, is that Sir Mortimer Wheeler, for years a distinguished archæologist, has now become a familiar personality to thousands; in fact, practically a household face. He is, however, concerned with archæological craftsmanship first, and his new book of reminiscences reserves its best chapters for discussions of the excavations at Maiden Castle in Dorset, at Roman Verulamium, which he traced himself, and at sites in the valley of the Indus.

STILL DIGGING (Michael Joseph. 15s.) is an admirable title for a book of this kind by Sir Mortimer, and he gives us his own reason for choosing it. "Turning out of Pall Mall," he writes, "I was transfixed by the steely gaze of Mr. Augustus John. 'Hullo, Rikki,' he said, 'still digging?' 'Hullo, Augustus,' I replied; 'still sketching?' We both grunted and passed on."

Those who watch the small screen will recognise the writer's suavity and what often appears to be his omniscience, but the written word reveals the man even more clearly, whether at war in the Western Desert, writing with a sand-clogged pen to a far-away friend, or wrapped up in the intense excitement of a new "dig."

A THOUSAND LIVES (André Deutsch. 15s.) is Miss Iris Morley's account of the English revolutionary movement of 1660–1685, which began at the time of the restoration of Charles II and lasted beyond the accession of James II: the period which saw Monmouth's Rising and the Battle of Sedgemoor, and which also saw a new peasant army whose hopes were still those of the New Model Army. This is by no means the romantic view of history that Miss Morley takes, but a sober review of those times, of the mood of the people, the desperate courage of a minority, and, finally, a reappraisal of the "Bloody Assize" of Mr. Justice Jeffreys, about which it was written at that time that "nothing could be liker hell than all those parts; nothing so like the devil as he."

LAUGH WITH ME! (Faber. 15s.) is one of those titles that perversely is apt to send one's spirits implacably downwards but, once well in to this anthology of contemporary humour which has been edited by Mr. David Langdon who has also contributed the line drawings, I defy any reader not to find at least a couple of short stories or essays that will make him, at the very least, smile broadly. As a matter of fact, the drawing on the cover itself, showing a gentleman cosily ensconced in an armchair with a book in his hands and a wireless-set and a TV set both patently disconnected, should start one off in the right mood.



AN EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY BED: This is a reproduction from *English Furniture at a Glance* (Architectural Press. 8s. 6d.), in which Barbara Jones describes and illustrates English furniture from the late Middle Ages to the present day. In addition to her selection of more than 200 of the most representative examples of furniture from all periods, Miss Jones includes an historical chart and glossary. The posts of the bed here seen are gilt, the tester hung with monochromatic silk curtains enriched with fringes, and the whole surmounted by ostrich plumes.

M. Georges Herment is a French gentleman who feels strongly and favourably about pipe-smoking. It is said that his great ambition is to discover a fossil-pipe of prehistoric times, and, in the meantime, he makes a living by playing jazz, sometimes in the Hot Club de France, and writing a book called, with splendid simplicity, THE PIPE (Cassell. 8s. 6d.). This work, which has been translated from the original French by Mr. George Poole, is vastly informative on the subjects of pipe-making, pipe-choosing and pipe-smoking. M. Herment himself smokes a lot, though we are not told whether the translator does, too, and in his foreword Mr. Stephen Potter refers to that "most brilliant and advanced pipeman," the author, but at the same time poses the question: "Is pipemanship on the decline?" One can clearly see that this book has been written to prevent just such a falling-off.

ADMIRAL ON HORSEBACK (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is, like its title, an odd but extremely successful combination: a highly amusing book which achieves a sound and serious purpose. The fun is provided by the inimitably light touch and caustic observation of Mr. Geoffrey Willans, who, you will remember, once wrote a book called *Down With Skool*, and that same author's first-hand experience of naval matters. The latter asset is of particular value in this case, because Mr. Willans' admiral is by no means of the retired variety, and is shown during the war as a commander, with his ship in an American yard for refitting, later in command of a battered old ex-American merchant ship in an Atlantic convoy, and, nearer our own days, in Paris for a conference, and in the Mediterranean as Commander-in-Chief, again in close co-operation with the Americans.

Some of the scenes between the Admiral and his U.S. counterpart are high comedy—good, unmalicious fun, and the whole underlying theme of the book is the practical demonstration of the fact that the two navies can, and do, work together and can and do find plenty to admire in the other fellow's organisation, in spite of the scores of differences which are very nearly, but never quite, basic.

GOOD MORNING, MISS DOVE (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is a novel by Mrs. Frances Gray Patton, about a schoolmistress, an elderly teacher of geography in an American school, whose discipline has been perfect, not to say absolute, in the classroom, and who, at the moment of confronting a very serious operation, reviews her career and her hopes and theories of the future. Lying in her hospital bed on the evening before, she reflects that to be ministered to by a doctor, a surgeon, a nurse and a clergyman whom she has known as children is a real test of her own humility. The terrible Miss Dove, as she has been called, knows the gravity of her situation, and when told that, at the best, it may be more than a day before she awakens from the anæsthetic, has characteristically asked: "Where?" For Miss Dove "took a rather cool view of Heaven."

This is truly a beguiling novel, no more sentimental than is suitable, often quietly witty and filled with the expression of Miss Dove's common sense and humane form of justice.

Mr. Michael Harrison has written one of those well-constructed, well-bred novels that make up for anything they lack in drama by their very soundness and, no small point, their readability. A HANSOM TO ST. JAMES (Cassell. 10s. 6d.) is not the story of one of those dynamic personalities whose very existence alters the course of events, nor is it intended to be. It is the tale of an old man who, one Christmas Eve, finding his lodgings bleak, and even his club comfortless, wanders back to the house where he used to live and finds its present owners willing to travel back in thought over the past with him. Agreeable, urbane, and, incidentally, with admirably natural dialogue.

From the past to an imaginative aspect of the future with Mr. Paul Capon's DOWN TO EARTH (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.), the third book in a trilogy which he has written about a planet, Antigeos, a spaceship of kinds, and a group of scientists in the true Wells-Verne tradition. This is science fiction with a minimum of horrors and as peaceful a description of a landing on Romney Marsh as I have ever read.

At once one of America's keenest critics and fondest citizens, Jacques Barzun, a Frenchman by birth, who emigrated to the United States after the First World War, has written a most spirited appraisal of the American scene under the title of GOD'S COUNTRY AND MINE (Gollancz. 18s.), and he has allowed himself the old-time luxury of a sub-title, calling his work "A Declaration of Love Spiced with a Few Harsh Words." And spicy it is, and racy, too; wide-ranging as well, covering so many aspects of contemporary life, and never for a moment sparing praise or condemnation, where they seem to be necessary. Americans, who have already had the opportunity of reading Jacques Barzun's book, have given it a good reception, even though the author does sit in judgment. This is in part perhaps because he is so obviously and deeply knowledgeable, and in part probably because he repels with such patriotic vigour some of Europe's stock criticisms of the U.S.A.—dollar imperialism, materialism and general philistinism, for example. Jacques Barzun hits back right and left, either rebutting the charges or accepting them and turning them against America's critics, and then he brings forth the details of his own personal critical observation, of vaudeville, the Post Office, New York transport in particular, and last, but not least, "*The Gulf Stream*"—that unending outpouring of the advertising kings in the fields of radio, television and the Press.

Here is a most accomplished writer who takes a lyrical delight in the American countryside. One senses his excitement on a night journey, as he peers from a lower berth as the train thunders through the level-crossings and out of town into the wilderness beyond. "You see the last blue switch light on the next track and beyond is America—dark and grassy or sandy and rocky—and no one there." For Jacques Barzun, the *émigré* from a continent thick with human beings, that spaciousness is clearly a lasting attraction.

WHERE THE "GUFF" STREAM FLOWS

A Transatlantic Survey

Tales of the Far Eastern theatre of the Second World War flow from the publishers almost as thick and fast as those of the European operations. The scene is different, but nearly always the story is the same—the utter chaos, and the hopeless tragedy allied to the most hideous cruelties. The latest volume to be added to the grim record is Hilda R. Corpe's PRISONER BEYOND THE CHINDWIN (Arthur Barker. 12s. 6d.). The author is the wife of a Burmese, whom she married in his student days in England between the wars. Her brief romance was overclouded by the threat of war, and with the coming of the Japanese invasion and the imminent fall of Rangoon we follow the whole family northwards in flight. Eventually Hilda Corpe fell into the hands of the Japanese Gestapo, the dreaded Kempetai, and the greater part of her book recounts experiences in the internment camp in Tavoy, dominated by a sadistic monster by the name of Taki. The inflictions on the women prisoners were truly monstrous, and it was little wonder that many of the prisoners beyond the Chindwin were tried beyond the borderlines of physical and mental endurance. Hilda Corpe's book hardly adds anything to our knowledge of a brutal era, but many may feel, after reading it, that if there is to be forgiveness there must never be forgetfulness.

From the Lancashire cotton towns you can strike, at Clitheroe, one of the most romantic roads in all Britain. It is the West Pennine Highway, and it runs through the valley of the Ribble up through Craven to Kirkby Lonsdale, and northwards to the Shap Fells, to Appleby, to Penrith, and so to Carlisle. Jessica Lofthouse knows and loves this lonely, lovely road. She explains that she did not choose Clitheroe as the starting-point for her narrative because she happens to be a native of this citadel town "at the throat of the Ribble Valley," but rather because Clitheroe is near the northern limit of industry and because there many important roads converge into one road. WEST PENNINE HIGHWAY (Robert Hale. 18s.) is a delightful travelogue, enhanced by the author's line drawings.

Do you remember when film star Jack Hawkins played Dunois' page in St. Joan? Of course not, but Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson, in their THEATRICAL COMPANION TO SHAW (Rockliff. 42s.), have revealed many such fascinating if trivial glimpses into the past, and much more besides. The *Theatrical Companion* is an historical record complete with photographs of all the Shavian first productions. There are 276 illustrations in this handsome volume, which also contains synopses, lists of characters and casts, and programme notes by Shaw himself.

In WORLDS IN SPACE (Sidgwick and Jackson. 17s. 6d.), Martin Caidin tells the story of rocket development in the post-war years. He discusses the myriad obstacles to man's survival in space and coolly assesses the future of space flying. The many illustrations are by Fred L. Wolff.

From the sublimity of aerial conquest to the sublimity of the bird sanctuaries, the obscure fens and meres and the farmlands of East Anglia is indeed a long step. In BIRD PAGEANT (Batchworth Press. 21s.), A. W. P. Robertson gives us the results of his unflagging field studies, and here, indeed, is a book that breathes the very atmosphere of East Anglia and will prove a delight to all ornithologists.

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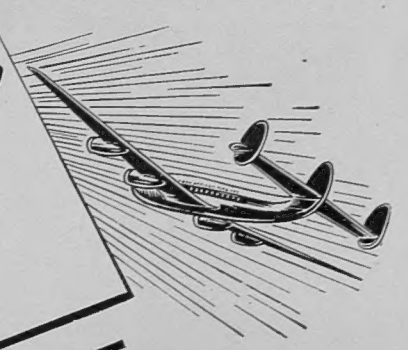

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